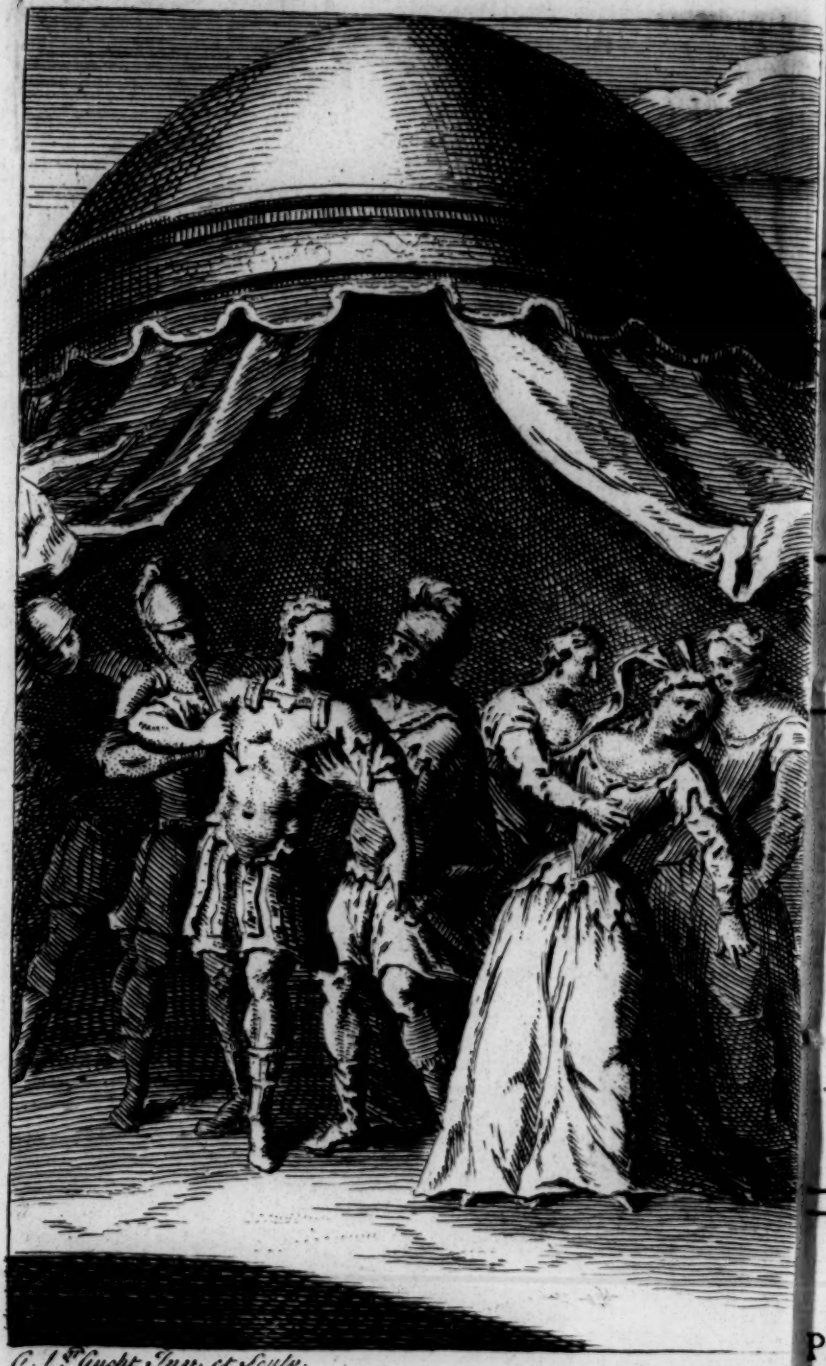

G. I.ᵉ Gucht Inv. et Sculp.

THE SIEGE OF *DAMASCUS.* A TRAGEDY.

By *JOHN HUGHES*, Esq.

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MDCCXXXV.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 38
NOV

To the Right Honourable

EARL *COWPER*.

My LORD,

MY Obligations to Your Lordſhip are ſo great and ſingular, ſo much exceeding all Acknowledgment, and yet ſo highly demanding all that I can ever make, that Nothing has been a greater Uneaſineſs to me than to think that I have not publickly own'd them ſooner. The Honour of having been admitted to your Lordſhip's Acquaintance and Converſation, and the Pleaſure I have ſometimes had of ſharing in Your private Hours and Retirement from the Town, were a Happineſs ſufficient of

it ſelf to require from me the utmoſt Returns of Gratitude. But Your Lordſhip was ſoon pleas'd to add to this, Your generous Care of providing for One who had given You no Sollicitation; and before I cou'd ask, or even expected it, to honour me with an Employment which, tho' valuable on other Accounts, became moſt ſo to me by the ſingle Circumſtance of its placing me near Your Lordſhip. But I am not to bound my Acknowledgments here: When your Lordſhip withdrew from Publick Buſineſs, Your Care of me did not ceaſe, 'till You had recommended me to Your Succeſſor, the preſent Lord Chancellor. So that my having ſince had the Felicity to be continued in the ſame Employment under a Patron to whom I have many Obligations, and who has particularly ſhewn a Pleaſure in encouraging the Lovers of Learning and Arts, is an additional Obligation, for which I am originally indebted to Your Lordſhip.

And

And yet I have ſaid Nothing as I ought of Your Lordſhip's Favours, unleſs I cou'd deſcribe a Thouſand agreeable Circumſtances which attend and heighten them. To Give is an Act of Power common to the Great, but to double any Gift by the Manner of beſtowing it, is an Art known only to the moſt elegant Minds, and a Pleaſure taſted by none but Perſons of the moſt refin'd Humanity.

As for the Tragedy I now humbly dedicate to Your Lordſhip, Part of it was written in the Neighbourhood of Your Lordſhip's pleaſant Seat in the Country; where it had the good Fortune to grow up under Your early Approbation and Encouragement; and I perſuade my ſelf it will now be receiv'd by Your Lordſhip with that Indulgence, the Exerciſe of which is natural to You, and is not the leaſt of thoſe diſtinguiſhing Virtues by which You have gain'd an unſought Popularity, and without either Study or Deſign have made Your Self

DEDICATION.

One of the moſt belov'd Perſons of the Age in which You live. Here, My Lord, I have a large Subject before me, if I were capable of purſuing it, and if I were not acquainted with your Lordſhip's particular Delicacy, by which you are not more careful to deſerve the greateſt Praiſes than you are nice in receiving even the leaſt. I ſhall therefore only preſume to add, that I am with greateſt Zeal,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Oblig'd,

Moſt Dutiful and

Devoted Humble Servant,

Febr. 6. $17\frac{19}{20}$.

JOHN HUGHES.

I-N

INTRODUCTION.

THE Time of the following Action is about two Years after *Mahomet*'s Death, under the next ſucceeding Caliph *Abubeker*. The *Saracen* Caliphs were Supreme both in Spiritual and Temporal Affairs; and *Abubeker*, following the Steps of *Mahomet*, had made a conſiderable Progreſs in propagating his new Superſtition by the Sword. He had ſent a numerous Army into *Syria*, under the Command of *Caled*, a bold and bloody *Arabian*, who had conquer'd ſeveral Towns. The Spirit of Enthuſiaſm, newly pour'd forth among them, acted in its utmoſt Vigour; and the Perſuaſion, that they who turn'd their Backs in Fight were accurſed of God, and that they who fell in Battle paſs'd immediately into Paradiſe, made them an Overmatch for all the Forces, which the *Grecian* Emperor *Heraclius* could ſend againſt them. It was a very important Period of Time, and the Eyes of the whole World were fix'd with Terror on theſe ſucceſsful Savages, who committed all their Barbarities under the Name of Religion; and ſoon after, by extending their Conqueſts over the *Grecian* Empire, and through *Perſia* and *Egypt*, laid the Foundation of that mighty Empire of the *Saracens*, which laſted for ſeveral Centuries; to which the *Turks* of later Years ſucceeded.

INTRODUCTION.

The *Saracens* were now ſat down before *Damaſcus*, the Capital City of *Syria*, when the Action of this Tragedy begins. This was about the Year of our Lord 634. All who have written of thoſe Times repreſent the State of Chriſtianity in great Confuſion, very much corrupted, and divided with Controverſies and Diſputes, which, together with an univerſal Depravity of Manners, and the Decay of good Policy and ancient Diſcipline in the Empire, gave a mighty Advantage to *Mahomet* and his Followers, and prepar'd the way for their amazing Succeſs.

TO

To the Memory *of Mr.* HUGHES.

O Loſt too Early! and too Lately known!
My Love's intended Marks receive in one;
Where new to Eaſe, and recent from thy Pains,
With ampler Joy thou tread'ſt the bliſsful Plains:
If there regardful of the Ways of Men,
Thou ſeeſt with Pity, what thou once haſt been,
O gentle Shade! accept this humble Verſe,
Amidſt the meaner Honours of thy Herſe.
How does thy Phocyas *warm* Britannia's *Youth,*
In Arms to Glory, and in Love to Truth!
O! if the Muſe of Future ought preſage,
Theſe Seeds ſhall ripen in the coming Age;
Then Youths renown'd for many a Field well fought,
Shall own the glorious Leſſons thou haſt taught;
Honour's ſtrict Laws ſhall reign in every Mind,
And every Phocyas *his* Eudocia *find.*
O! yet be this the loweſt of thy Fame,
To form the Hero, and inſtruct the Dame;
I ſee the Chriſtian, Friend, Relation, Son,
Burn for the glorious Courſe that thou haſt run.
If ought we owe thy Pencil, or thy Lyre,
Of manly Strokes, or of ſuperior Fire,
How muſt thy Muſe be ever own'd Divine,
And in the ſacred Liſt unrival'd ſhine!
Nor joyous Health was thine, nor downy Eaſe,
To thee forbidden was the ſoft Receſs;
Worn with Diſeaſe, and never-ceaſing Pain,
How firmly did thy Soul her Seat maintain!
Early thy Side the mortal Shaft receiv'd:

All

All, but the wounded Hero, ſaw and griev'd:
No Senſe of Smart, no Anguiſh cou'd controul,
Or turn the generous Purpoſe of his Soul.
Witneſs the nobler Arts, by Heav'n deſign'd
To charm the Senſes, and improve the Mind;
How thro' your Mazes, with inceſſant Toil,
He urg'd his way to reap th' Immortal Spoil!
So Fabled Orpheus *tun'd his potent Song,*
Death's circling Shades, and Stygian *Glooms among.*
Of thy great Labours this the laſt and chief,
At once demands our Wonder, and our Grief;
Thy Soul in clouded Majeſty 'till now,
Its finiſh'd Beauties did but partly ſhow,
Wond'ring we ſaw diſclos'd the ample Store,
Griev'd in that Inſtant, to expect no more.
So in the Evening of ſome doubtful Day
And Clouds divided with a mingled Ray,
Haply the golden Sun unveils his Light,
And his whole Glories ſpreads at once to Sight;
Th' enliven'd World look up with gladſome Cheer,
Bleſs the gay Scene, nor heed the Night too near;
Sudden, the lucent Orb drops ſwiftly down
Thro' Weſtern Shades, to ſhine in Worlds unknown.

March 28. 1720. Wm. Cowper.

To Mr. HUGHES *on his* TRAGEDY *of the* SIEGE *of* DAMASCUS.

INFERIOR Bards enervate Strains indite,
And void of Vigour and of Meaning write;
Their languid Lines one even Tenour keep,
And with the ſame unvary'd Cadence creep:
But Here *the Senſe is ſtrong, the Diction bold,*
And Truths Sublime in manly Verſe are told.
So tow'ring SOPHOCLES *and* SHAKESPEAR *wrote,*
Drew to the Life, and painted human Thought!
No Modern *Phraſes in theſe Scenes appear;*
Antiquity's *more noble Dreſs they wear:*
This Maſter-Hand with niceſt Judgment draws
Th' Arabian *Notions, Manners, Rites and Laws;*
Diſplays degen'rate Chriſtians growing Crimes,
And the vain Pomp of thoſe corrupted Times.
On ev'ry ſide what lovely Landskips riſe!
The gay Deſcriptions cheat our raviſh'd Eyes!
Here, Fig-Trees, Vines and Olives bloom below;
And there, proud LEBANON's *aſpiring Brow,*
With ſtately Groves of Palms and Cedars crown'd,
Does the grand Proſpect beautifully bound!
What Eye but ſees the Moon's fair riſing Light
Drive back the hov'ring Shades, *and chear the Night?*
While in the Luſtre of theſe *glowing Lines,*
Th' Impoſtor's Paradiſe ſo gaily ſhines,
With Winy Rivers, Nectarine Fruits ſupply'd,
And Beauties ſparkling in Immortal Pride,
No more we wander, ſuch outrageous Fire
Did the bold Arabs *zealous Breaſts inſpire.*
Silence *is pleas'd, and rapt* Attention *waits,*
While PHOCYAS *with himſelf of Death debates;*
But when he riſes, wildly, from the Ground,
And Paſſion *mocks him with imagin'd Sound,*
Terror and Grief at once poſſeſs the Soul,

And

And ev'ry Senſe and Faculty controul.
Back to its Source the Vital Current flies,
When, SAVE HER! SAVE HER! *ravingly he cries.*
Theſe Scenes improve, as well as warm the Heart,
And Nobleſt Morals to the Mind impart.
How juſt the Draught! How elegantly true,
Which ſets that ſoothing Nymph fair Fame *to View!*
What ſolemn Truths theſe awful Lines contain:
Death's no where to be found. Thou fly'ſt in vain
From Life, with what thou fly'ſt, to meet again!
Pride *drops her Plumes, and* Envy *dies away,*
As the Stars fade before the dawning Day,
When chang'd EUMENES, *in his ruin'd State,*
By ſage Affliction *diſciplin'd too late,*
Does juſtly of Proſperity *complain,*
That Self-deſtroying Monſter, Virtue's Bane!
A large diffuſive Love of Humankind,
Shines forth in brave ABUDAH, *Unconfin'd.*
How Amiable the virtuous Chief appears,
When mildly he diſtreſsful PHOCYAS *chears,*
Supports his drooping Head, condoles his Grief,
And gives his Noble Foe, a Friend's Relief!
O! that my Muſe, in ſoft melodious Verſe,
Cou'd bright Eudocia's *matchleſs Charms rehearſe!*
Her flowing Words, like Honey-Dews, diſtill,
And ev'ry Breaſt with riſing Rapture fill:
Honour *and* Love, *like harneſs'd Doves, unite,*
And round Her ſpread a ſweetly vary'd Light:
True to Herſelf, and to her ſpotleſs Fame,
Thro' ev'ry Scene She ſhines, Illuſtriouſly the ſame!

WM. DUNCOMBE.

April, 1720.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *MILLS.*

OFT has the Muſe here try'd her Magick Arts,
To raiſe your Fancies, and engage your Hearts.
When o'er this little Spot She ſhakes her Wand,
Towns, Cities, Nations, riſe at her Command:
And Armies march obedient to her Call,
New States are form'd, and ancient Empires fall.
To vary your Inſtruction and Delight,
Paſt Ages roll renew'd before your Sight.
His awful Form the Greek *and* Roman *wears,*
Wak'd from his Slumber of Two Thouſand Years:
And Man's whole Race, reſtor'd to Joy and Pain,
Act all their little Greatneſs o'er again.

No common Woes To-night we ſet to View;
Important is the Time, the Story new.
Our opening Scenes ſhall to your Sight diſcloſe
How Spiritual Dragooning firſt aroſe;
Claims drawn from Heav'n by a Barbarian *Lord,*
And Faith firſt propagated by the Sword.
In rocky Araby *this Peſt began,*
And ſwiftly o'er the Neighbour Country ran:
By Faction weaken'd, and Diſunion broke,
Degenerate Provinces admit the Yoke.
Nor ſtopp'd their Progreſs, till, reſiſtleſs grown,
Th' Enthuſiaſts made all Aſia's *World their own.*

Britons,

PROLOGUE.

Britons, *be warn'd; let ev'n your Pleaſures here*
Convey ſome Moral to th' attentive Ear.
Beware leſt Bleſſings long poſſeſt diſpleaſe;
Nor grow ſupine with Liberty and Eaſe.
Your Country's Glory be your conſtant Aim,
Her Safety all is yours; think yours her Fame.
Unite at home——forego inteſtine Jars,
Then ſcorn the Rumours of Religious Wars;
Speak loud in Thunder from your guarded Shores,
And tell the Continent, the Sea is Yours.
Speak on,——and ſay, by War you'll Peace maintain,
Till brighteſt Years, reſerv'd for GEORGE's *Reign,*
Advance, and ſhine in their appointed Round;
Arts then ſhall flouriſh, plenteous Joys abound,
And, chear'd by him, each Loyal Muſe ſhall ſing
The happieſt Iſland and the greateſt KING.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. MILWARD, on the Revival in *March*, 1734-5.

HERE Force and Fancy, with United Charms,
Mingle the Sweets of Love with War's Alarms.
Our Author shows, in Eastern *Pomp array'd,*
The conqu'ring Heroe and the constant Maid.
None better knew, such Noble Heights to soar,
Tho' PHÆDRA, *and tho'* CATO *charm'd before.*
While in the Lustre of his glowing Lines
Th' Arabian *Paradise so gaily shines,*
With winy Rivers, racy Fruits supply'd,
And Beauties sparkling in Immortal Pride,
Gallants, You'll own that a resistless Fire
Did justly their Enamour'd Breasts inspire.
At first, a numerous Audience crown'd this Play,
And kind Applauses mark'd its happy Way,
While He, like his own Phocyas, *snatch'd from View,*
To fairer Realms with ripen'd Glory flew.
Humane, tho' Witty; Humble, tho' Admir'd;
Wept by the Great, the Virtuous Sage expir'd!
Still may the Bard, beneath kind Planets born,
Whom every Grace, and every Muse adorn,
Whose spreading Fame has reach'd to Foreign Lands,
Receive some Tribute too from British *Hands.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CHRISTIANS.

Eumenes, Governor of *Damaſcus*. Mr. *Wilks*.

Eudocia, his Daughter. Mrs. *Porter*.

Herbis, his Friend, one of the Chiefs of the City. } Mr. *Williams*.

Phocyas, a Noble and Valiant *Syrian*, privately in Love with *Eudocia*. } Mr. *Booth*.

Artamon, an Officer of the Guards. Mr. *Will. Mills*.

Sergius, an Expreſs from the Emperor *Heraclius*.

Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, and Attendants.

SARACENS.

Caled, General of the *Saracen* Army. Mr. *Mills*.

Abudah, the next in Command under *Caled*. } Mr. *Thurmond*.

Daran, a wild *Arabian*, profeſſing Mahometaniſm for the ſake of the Spoil. } Mr. *Walker*.

Serjabil, *Raphan*, &c. } *Saracen Captains.*

Officers, Soldiers, Attendants.

SCENE, *the City of* DAMASCUS *in* Syria, *and the* Saracen *Camp before it. And in the laſt Act a Valley adjacent.*

THE

THE SIEGE of *Damaſcus.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The City.*

Enter Eumenes, *follow'd by a Croud of People.*

EUMENES.

I'LL hear no more. Be gone!
Or ſtop your clamorous Mouths, that ſtill are open
To bawl Sedition, and conſume our Corn.
If you will follow me, ſend home your Women,
And follow to the Walls; there earn your Safety,
As brave Men ſhou'd — Pity your Wives and Children?
Yes, I do pity them, Heav'n knows I do,
E'en more than you; nor will I yield 'em up,
Tho' at your own Requeſt, a Prey to Ruffians ——
Herbis, what News?

Enter Herbis.

Herb. News! —— We're betray'd, deſerted;
The Works are but half mann'd; the *Saracens*

Per-

Perceive it, and pour on ſuch Crouds, they blunt
Our Weapons, and have drain'd our Stores of Death.
What will you next?

Eum. I've ſent a freſh Recruit;
The valiant *Phocyas* leads 'em on — whoſe Deeds
In early Youth aſſert his noble Race;
A more than common Ardor ſeems to warm
His Breaſt, as if he lov'd and courted Danger.

Herb. I fear 'twill be too late.

Eum. [*Aſide.*] I fear it too:
And tho' I brav'd it to the trembling Croud,
I've caught th' Infection, and I dread th' Event.
Wou'd I had treated, —— but 'tis now too late. ——
Come, *Herbis.* [*Exeunt.*

[*A Noiſe is heard without, of Officers giving Orders.*

1 *Off.* Help there, more Help! All to the Eaſtern Gate!

2 *Off.* Look where they cling aloft like cluſter'd Bees!
Here, Archers, ply your Bows.

1 *Off.* Down with the Ladders;
What, will you let them mount?

2 *Off.* Aloft there! give the Signal, you that wait
In St. *Mark*'s Tower.

1 *Off.* Is the Town aſleep?
Ring out th' Alarum Bell!

[*Bell rings, and the Citizens run to and fro in Confuſion. A great Shout.* *Enter* Herbis.

Herb. So — the Tide turns; *Phocyas* has driv'n it back.
The Gate once more is ours.

Enter Eumenes, Phocyas, Artamon, *&c.*

Eum. Brave *Phocyas*, Thanks! mine and the Peoples
Thanks! [*People ſhout, and cry, A* Phocyas! *&c.*
Yet, that we way not loſe this breathing Space,
Hang out the Flag of Truce. You *Artamon*,
Haſte with a Trumpet to th' *Arabian* Chiefs,
And let them know, that, Hoſtages exchang'd,
I'd meet them now upon the Eaſtern Plain.
[*Exit* Artamon.

Pho.

Pho. What means *Eumenes?*
Eum. Phocyas, I wou'd try
By friendly Treaty, if on Terms of Peace
They'll yet withdraw their Powers.
Pho. On Terms of Peace?
What Peace can you expect from Bands of Robbers?
What Terms from Slaves, but Slav'ry? —— You know,
Theſe Wretches fight not at the Call of Honour;
For injur'd Rights, or Birth, or jealous Greatneſs,
That ſets the Princes of the World in Arms.
Baſe-born, and ſtarv'd amidſt their ſtony Deſarts,
Long have they view'd from far, with wiſhing Eyes,
Our fruitful Vales; our Fig Trees, Olives, Vines,
Our Cedars, Palms, and all the verdant Wealth
That crowns fair *Lebanon*'s aſpiring Brows.
Here have the Locuſts pitch'd, nor will they leave
Theſe taſted Sweets, theſe blooming Fields of Plenty,
For barren Sands, and native Poverty,
Till driv'n away by Force.
Eum. What can we do?
Our People in Deſpair, our Soldiers harraſs'd
With daily Toil, and conſtant nightly Watch;
Our Hope of Succours from the Emperor
Uncertain; *Eutyches* not yet return'd,
That went to ask them; one brave Army beaten;
Th' *Arabians* numerous, cruel, flush'd with Conqueſt.
Herb. Beſides, you know what Frenzy fires their Minds
Of their new Faith, and drives 'em on to Danger.
Eum. True; — they pretend the Gates of Paradiſe
Stand ever open to receive the Souls
Of all that die in fighting for their Cauſe.
Pho. Then wou'd I ſend their Souls to Paradiſe,
And give their Bodies to our *Syrian* Eagles.
Our Ebb of Fortune is not yet ſo low
To leave us deſperate. Aids may ſoon arrive;
Mean time, in Spite of their late bold Attack,
The City ſtill is ours; their Force repell'd,

And

And therefore weaker; proud of this Succeſs,
Our Soldiers too have gain'd redoubled Courage,
And long to meet them on the open Plain.
What hinders then but we repay this Outrage,
And ſally on their Camp?

Eum. No——let us firſt
Believe th' Occaſion fair, by this Advantage,
To purchaſe their Retreat on eaſy Terms:
That failing, we the better ſtand acquitted
To our own Citizens. Howe'er, brave *Phocyas*,
Cheriſh this Ardor in the Soldiery,
And in our Abſence form what Force thou canſt.
Then, if theſe hungry Blood-Hounds of the War
Shou'd ſtill be deaf to Peace, at our Return,
Our widen'd Gates ſhall pour a ſudden Flood
Of Vengeance on them, and chaſtiſe their Scorn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Plain before the City. A Proſpect of Tents at a Diſtance.*

Caled, Abudah, Daran.

Dar. To treat, my Chiefs?—What! are we Merchants then,
That only come to traffick with theſe *Syrians*,
And poorly cheapen Conqueſt on Conditions?
No; we were ſent to fight the Caliph's Battles,
'Till ev'ry Iron Neck bend to Obedience.
Another Storm makes this proud City ours;
What need to treat?—I am for War and Plunder.

Cal. Why ſo am I—and but to ſave the Lives
Of Muſſulmans, not Chriſtians, wou'd not treat.
I hate theſe Chriſtian Dogs; and 'tis our Task,
As thou obſerv'ſt, to fight; our Law enjoyns it.

Heav'n

Heav'n too is promis'd only to the Valiant.
Oft' has our Prophet ſaid, the happy Plains
Above, lye ſtretch'd beneath the Blaze of Swords.
Abu. Yet *Daran*'s loth to truſt that Heav'n for Pay:
This Earth, it ſeems, has Gifts that pleaſe him more.
Cal. Check not his Zeal, *Abudah.*
Abu. No; I praiſe it.
Yet I cou'd wiſh that Zeal had better Motives.
Has Victory no Fruits but Blood and Plunder?
That we were ſent to fight, 'tis true; but wherefore?
For Conqueſt, not Deſtruction. That obtain'd,
The more we ſpare, the Caliph has more Subjects,
And Heav'n is better ſerv'd.——But ſee they come.

Enter Eumenes, Herbis, Artamon.

Cal. Well, Chriſtians, we are met—and War awhile,
At your Requeſt, has ſtill'd its angry Voice,
To hear what you'll propoſe.
Eum. We come to know,
After ſo many Troops you've loſt in vain,
If you'll draw off in Peace, and ſave the reſt.
Herb. Or rather to know firſt—for yet we know not—
Why on your Heads you call our pointed Arrows,
In our own juſt Defence? What means this Viſit?
And why we ſee ſo many thouſand Tents
Riſe in the Air, and whiten all our Fields?
Cal. Is that a Queſtion now?—you had our Summons,
When firſt we march'd againſt you, to ſurrender.
Two Moons have waſted ſince, and now the third
Is in its Wane. 'Tis true, drawn off a while,
At *Aiznadin* we met and fought the Powers
Sent by your Emperor to raiſe our Siege.
Vainly you thought us gone; we gain'd a Conqueſt.
You ſee we are return'd; our Hearts, our Cauſe,
Our Swords the ſame.
Herb. But why thoſe Swords were drawn,
And what's that Cauſe, inform us.
Eum. Speak your Wrongs,

If

If Wrongs you have receiv'd, and by what Means
They may be now repair'd.

Abu. Then, Chriſtians, hear!
And Heav'n inſpire you to embrace its Truth!
Not Wrongs t'avenge, but to eſtabliſh Right
Our Swords were drawn: For ſuch is Heav'n's Command
Immutable. By us great *Mahomet*,
And his Succeſſor, holy *Abubeker*,
Invite you to the Faith.

Artam. [*Aſide.*] So——then it ſeems
There's no Harm meant; we're only to be beaten
Into a new Religion.——If that's all,
I find I am already half a Convert.

Eum. Now in the Name of Heav'n, what Faith is this
That ſtalks Gigantick forth thus arm'd with Terrors,
As if it meant to ruin, not to ſave?
That leads embattl'd Legions to the Field,
And marks its Progreſs out with Blood and Slaughter?

Herb. Bold frontleſs Men! that impudently dare
To blend Religion with the worſt of Crimes!
And ſacrilegiouſly uſurp that Name,
To cover Frauds, and juſtifie Oppreſſion!

Eum. Where are your Prieſts? What Doctors of your Law
Have you e'er ſent, t'inſtruct us in its Precepts?
To ſolve our Doubts, and ſatisfie our Reaſon,
And kindly lead us thro' the Wilds of Error
To theſe new Tracts of Truth?—This wou'd be Friend-
And well might claim our Thanks. [ſhip,

Cal. Friendſhip like this
With Scorn had been receiv'd; your numerous Vices,
Your claſhing Sects, your mutual Rage and Strife
Have driv'n Religion, and her Angel-Guards,
Like Out-caſts from among you. In her ſtead,
Uſurping Superſtition bears the Sway,
And reigns in mimick State, 'midſt Idol Shews,
And Pageantry of Pow'r. Who does not mark
Your Lives? Rebellious to your own great Prophet

Who

Who mildly taught you——therefore *Mahomet*
Has brought the Sword to govern you by Force,
Nor will accept Obedience ſo precarious.
Eum. O ſolemn Truths! tho' from an impious Tongue!
[*Aſide.*
That we're unworthy of our holy Faith,
To Heav'n with Grief and Conſcious Shame we own.
But what are you, that thus arraign our Vices,
And conſecrate your own? Vile Hypocrites!
Are you not Sons of Rapine, Foes of Peace,
Baſe Robbers, Murderers———
Cal. Chriſtian, No———
Eum. Then ſay
Why have you ravag'd all our peaceful Borders?
Plunder'd our Towns? and by what Claim ev'n now
You tread this Ground?
Herb. What Claim, but that of Hunger?
The Claim of ravenous Wolves, that leave their Dens
To prowl at Midnight round ſome ſleeping Village,
Or watch the Shepherd's folded Flock for Prey?
Cal. Blaſphemers, know, your Fields and Towns are [ours.
Our Prophet has beſtow'd 'em on the Faithful,
And Heav'n it ſelf has ratify'd the Grant.
Eum. Oh! now indeed you boaſt a noble Title!
What cou'd your Prophet grant? a Hireling Slave!
Not ev'n the Mules and Camels which he drove
Were his to give; and yet the bold Impoſtor
Has canton'd out the Kingdoms of the Earth,
In frantick Fits of viſionary Power,
To ſooth his Pride, and bribe his Fellow-Madmen!
Cal. Was it for this you ſent to ask a Parley,
T'affront our Faith, and to traduce our Prophet?
Well might we anſwer you with quick Revenge
For ſuch Indignities.———Yet hear once more,
Hear this our laſt Demand; and this accepted
We yet withdraw our War. Be Chriſtians ſtill,
But ſwear to live with Us in firm Alliance,

To yield Us Aids, and pay Us annual Tribute.
Eum. No;——Should we grant you Aid, we muſt be
Rebels;
And Tribute is the ſlaviſh Badge of Conqueſt.
Yet ſince, on juſt and honourable Terms,
We ask but for our own,——Ten ſilken Veſts,
Weighty with Pearl and Gemms, we'll ſend your Caliph;
Two, *Caled*, ſhall be thine; two thine, *Abudah*.
To each inferior Captain we decree
A Turbant ſpun from our *Damaſcus*' Flax
White as the Snows of Heav'n; to every Soldier
A Scimitar. This, and of ſolid Gold
Ten Ingots, be the Price to buy your Abſence.
Cal. This, and much more, ev'n all your ſhining Wealth,
Will ſoon be ours; Look round your *Syrian* Frontiers!
See, in how many Towns our hoiſted Flaggs
Are waving in the Wind; *Sachna*, and *Hawran*,
Proud *Tadmor*, *Aracab*, and ſtubborn *Boſra*
Have bow'd beneath the Yoke;——Behold our March
O'er half your Land, like Flame thro' Fields of Harveſt.
And laſt view *Aiznadin*, that Vale of Blood!
There ſeek the Souls of forty thouſand *Greeks*
That, freſh from Life, yet hover o'er their Bodies.
Then think, and then reſolve.
Herb. Preſumptuous Men!
What tho' you yet can boaſt ſucceſsful Guilt,
Is Conqueſt only yours? Or dare you hope
That you ſhall ſtill pour on the ſwelling Tide,
Like ſome proud River that has left its Banks,
Nor ever know Repulſe?
Eum. Have you forgot?
Not twice ſeven Years are paſt ſince ev'n your Prophet,
Bold as he was, and boaſting Aid Divine,
Was by the Tribe of *Coraſh* forc'd to fly,
Poorly to fly, to ſave his wretched Life,
From *Mecca* to *Medina*?
Abu. No;——forgot?

We

We well remember how *Medina* skreen'd
That holy Head, preſerv'd for better Days,
And ripening Years of Glory!
Dar. Why, my Chiefs,
Will you waſte Time; in offering Terms deſpis'd
To theſe Idolaters?———Words are but Air,
Blows wou'd plead better.
Cal. Daran, thou ſay'ſt true.
Chriſtians, here end our Truce. Behold once more
The Sword of Heav'n is drawn! Nor ſhall be ſheath'd
But in the Bowels of *Damaſcus*.
Eum. That,
Or ſpeedy Vengeance, and Deſtruction due
To the proud Menacers, as Heav'n ſees fit!

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE *Changes to a Garden.*

Eudocia.

All's huſh'd around!—No more the Shouts of Soldiers
And Claſh of Arms tumultuous fill the Air.
Methinks this Interval of Terror ſeems
Like that when the loud Thunder juſt has roll'd
O'er our affrighted Heads, and in the Heav'ns
A momentary Silence but prepares
A ſecond and a louder Clap to follow.

Enter Phocyas.

O no——My Heroe comes, with better Omens,
And every gloomy Thought is now no more.
Pho. Where is the Treaſure of my Soul?—*Eudocia*,
Behold me here impatient, like the Miſer
That often ſteals in ſecret to his Gold,
And counts with trembling Joy, and jealous Tranſport,
The ſhining Heaps which he ſtill fears to loſe.

Eud. Welcome, thou brave, thou beſt deſerving Lover!
How do I doubly ſhare the common Safety,
Since 'tis a Debt to thee!—but tell me, *Phocyas*,
Doſt thou bring Peace?——thou doſt, and I am happy!
Pho. Not yet, *Eudocia*; 'tis decreed by Heav'n
I muſt do more to merit thy Eſteem.
Peace, like a frighted Dove, has wing'd her Flight
To diſtant Hills, beyond theſe Hoſtile Tents;
And thro' 'em we muſt thither force our Way,
If we wou'd call the lovely Wanderer back
To her forſaken Home.
Eud. Falſe flattering Hope!
Vaniſh'd ſo ſoon!——alas, my faithful Fears
Return, and tell me We muſt ſtill be wretched!
Pho. Not ſo, my Fair; if thou but gently ſmile,
Inſpiring Valour, and preſaging Conqueſt,
Theſe barbarous Foes to Peace and Love ſhall ſoon
Be chas'd, like Fiends before the Morning Light,
And all be calm again.
Eud. Is the Truce ended?
Muſt War, alas, renew its bloody Rage?
And *Phocyas* ever be expos'd to Danger?
Pho. Think for whoſe ſake Danger it ſelf has Charms.
Diſmiſs thy Fears; the lucky Hour comes on,
Full fraught with Joys, when my big Soul no more
Shall labour with this Secret of my Paſſion,
To hide it from thy jealous Father's Eyes.
Juſt now, by Signals from the Plain, I've learn'd
That the proud Foe refuſe us Terms of Honour;
A Sally is reſolv'd; the Citizens
And Soldiers, kindled into ſudden Fury,
reſs all in Crouds, and beg I'll lead 'em on.
O my *Eudocia!* if I now ſucceed———
Did I ſay If——I muſt, I will; the Cauſe
Is Love, 'tis Liberty, it is *Eudocia!*———
What then ſhall hinder, ſince our mutual Faith
Is pledg'd, and thou conſenting to my Bliſs,

But

But I may boldly ask thee of *Eumenes*,
Nor fear a Rival's more prevailing Claim?

Eud. May Bleſſings ſtill attend thy Arms!—Methinks
I've caught the Flame of thy Heroick Ardor!
And now I ſee thee crown'd with Palm and Olive;
The Soldiers bring thee back with Songs of Triumph
And loud applauding Shouts; thy reſcu'd Country
Reſounds thy Praiſe; our Emperor *Heraclius*
Decrees the Honours for a City ſav'd,
And Pillars riſe of Monumental Braſs
Inſcrib'd——*To* PHOCYAS *the* DELIVERER.

Pho. The Honours and Rewards which thou haſt nam'd
Are Bribes too little for my vaſt Ambition.
My Soul is full of thee!——Thou art my All
Of Fame, of Triumph, and of future Fortune.
'Twas Love of thee firſt ſent me forth in Arms,
My Service is all thine, to thee devoted,
And thou alone canſt make ev'n Conqueſt pleaſing.

Eud. O do not wrong thy Merit, nor reſtrain it
To narrow Bounds; but know, I beſt am pleas'd
To ſhare thee with thy Country. O my *Phocyas!*
With conſcious Bluſhes oft I've heard thy Vows,
And ſtrove to hide, yet more reveal'd my Heart;
But 'tis thy Virtue juſtifies my Choice,
And what at firſt was Weakneſs, now is Glory.

Pho. Forgive me, thou fair Pattern of all Goodneſs!
If in the Tranſport of unbounded Paſſion,
I ſtill am loſt to ev'ry Thought but Thee.
Yet ſure to love thee thus is ev'ry Virtue;
Nor need I more Perfection.—Hark! I'm call'd.

[*Trumpet ſounds.*

Eud. Then go——and Heav'n with all its Angels guard thee.

Pho. Farewel!—for thee once more I draw the Sword.
Now to the Field, to gain the glorious Prize;
'Tis Victory——the Word; *Eudocia*'s Eyes! [*Exeunt.*

The SIEGE *of* DAMASCUS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Governor's Palace.*

Eumenes, Herbis.

HERBIS.

STILL I muſt ſay 'twas wrong, 'twas wrong, *Eumenes*,
And mark th' Event!
Eum. What cou'd I leſs? You ſaw
'Twas vain t'oppoſe it, whilſt his eager Valour,
Impatient of Reſtraint——
Herb. His eager Valour?
His Raſhneſs, his hot Youth, his Valour's Fever!
Muſt we, whoſe Buſineſs is to keep our Walls,
And manage warily our little Strength,
Muſt we at once laviſh away our Blood,
Becauſe his Pulſe beats high, and his mad Courage
Wants to be breath'd in ſome new Enterprize?——
You ſhou'd not have conſented.
Eum. You forgot,

'Twas

'Twas not my Voice alone; you ſaw, the People
(And ſure ſuch hidden Inſtincts are from Heav'n!)
Roſe all at once to follow him, as if
One Soul inſpir'd 'em, and that Soul were *Phocyas*.

Herb. I had indeed forgot; and ask your Pardon.
I took you for *Eumenes*, and I thought
That in *Damaſcus* you had chief Command.

Eum. What doſt thou mean?

Herb. Nay, who's forgetful now?
You ſay, the People——Yes, that very People,
That Coward Tribe that preſs'd you to ſurrender!
Well may they ſpurn at loſt Authority;
Whom they like better, better they'll obey.

Eum. O I cou'd curſe the giddy changeful Slaves,
But that the Thought of this Hour's great Event
Poſſeſſes all my Soul.—If we are beaten!———

Herb. The Poiſon works; 'tis well—I'll give him more.
[*Aſide.*
True, if we're beaten, who ſhall anſwer that?
Shall you, or I?——Are you the Governor?———
Or ſay we conquer, whoſe is then the Praiſe?

Eum. I know thy friendly Fears; that thou and I
Muſt ſtoop beneath a beardleſs riſing Heroe;
And in *Heraclius'* Court it ſhall be ſaid,
Damaſcus, nay perhaps the Empire too,
Ow'd its Deliverance to a Boy.——Why, be it,
So that he now return with Victory;
'Tis Honour greatly won, and let him wear it.
Yet I cou'd wiſh I needed leſs his Service.
Were *Eutyches* return'd ———

Herb. [*Aſide.*] That, that's my Torture.
I ſent my Son to th' Emperor's Court, in Hopes
His Merit at this time might raiſe his Fortunes;
But *Phocyas*——Curſe upon his forward Virtues!——
Is reaping all this Field of Fame alone,
Or leaves him ſcarce the Gleanings of a Harveſt.

Eum. See, *Artamon* with haſty Strides returning;

He comes alone!——O Friend, thy Fears were juſt.
What are we now, and what is loſt *Damaſcus?*
Enter Artamon.
Art. Joy to *Eumenes!*
Eum. Joy?——— is't poſſible?
Doſt thou bring News of Victory?
Art. The Sun
Is ſet in Blood, and from the Weſtern Skies
Has ſeen three thouſand ſlaughter'd *Arabs* fall.
Herb. Is *Phocyas* ſafe?
Art. He is, and crown'd with Triumph.
Herb. [*Aſide.*] My Fears indeed were juſt.
[*Shout, A* Phocyas, *A* Phocyas.
Eum. What Noiſe is that?
Herb. The People worſhipping their new Divinity.
Shortly they'll build him Temples.
Eum. Tell us, Soldier,
Since thou haſt ſhar'd the Glory of this Action,
Tell us how it began.
Art. At firſt the Foe
Seem'd much ſurpris'd; but taking ſoon th' Alarm
Gather'd ſome haſty Troops, and march'd to meet us.
The Captain of theſe Bands look'd wild and fierce,
His Head unarm'd, as if in Scorn of Danger,
And naked to the Waſte; as he drew near
He rais'd his Arm, and ſhook a pond'rous Lance;
When all at once, as at a Signal giv'n,
We heard the TECBIR, ſo theſe *Arabs* call
Their Shouts of Onſet, when with loud Appeal
They challenge Heav'n, as if demanding Conqueſt.
The Battel join'd, and thro' the barbarous Hoſt
Fight, Fight, and *Paradiſe* was all the Cry.
At laſt our Leaders met; and gallant *Phocyas*———
But what are Words to tell the mighty Wonders
We ſaw him then perform?——their Chief unhors'd,
The *Saracens* ſoon broke their Ranks and fled;
And had not a thick Evening Fog aroſe

(Which

(Which ſure the Devil rais'd up to ſave his Friends!)
The Slaughter had been double——But, behold!
The Heroe comes.

Enter Phocyas. Eumenes *meeting him.*

Eum. Joy to brave *Phocyas!*
Eumenes gives him back the Joy he ſent.
The welcome News has reach'd this Place before thee.
How ſhall thy Country pay the Debt ſhe owes thee?

Pho. By taking this as Earneſt of a Debt
Which I owe her, and fain wou'd better pay.

Herb. In ſpight of Envy, I muſt praiſe him too. [*Aſide.*
Phocyas, thou haſt done bravely, and 'tis fit
Succeſsful Virtue take a time to reſt.
Fortune is fickle, and may change; beſides,
What ſhall we gain, if from a mighty Ocean
By Sluices we draw off ſome little Streams?
If thouſands fall, ten thouſands more remain.
Nor ought we hazard Worth ſo great as thine
Againſt ſuch Odds; ſuffice what's done already:
And let us now, in hope of better Days,
Keep wary Watch, and wait th'expected Succours.

Pho. What!—to be coop'd whole Months within our Walls?
To ruſt at home, and ſicken with Inaction?
The Courage of our Men will droop and die,
If not kept up by daily Exerciſe.
Again the beaten Foe may force our Gates;
And Victory, if ſlighted thus, take Wing,
And fly where ſhe may find a better Welcome.

Art. [*Aſide.*] It muſt be ſo—he hates him! on my Soul,
This *Herbis* is a foul old envious Knave.
Methinks *Eumenes* too might better thank him.

Eum. [to *Herbis*, *Aſide.*] Urge him no more;——
I'll think of thy late Warning,
And thou ſhalt ſee I'll yet be Governor.

A Letter brought in.

Phocyas [*looking on it.*] 'Tis to *Eumenes.*

Eum. Ha! from *Eutyches.*

Reads.] ' The Emperor, awaken'd with the Danger
' That threatens his Dominions, and the Loſs
' At *Aiznadin*, his drain'd his Garriſons
' To raiſe a ſecond Army. In few Hours
' We ſhall begin our March. *Sergius* brings this,
' And will inform you further———
' *Herb.* [*Aſide.*] Heav'n, I thank thee!
'Tis ev'n beyond my Hopes.

Eum. But where is *Sergius?*

Meſſenger. The Letter, faſten'd to an Arrow's Head,
Was ſhot into the Town.

Eum. I fear he's taken.———
O *Phocyas, Herbis, Artamon!* my Friends!
You all are Sharers in this News; the Storm
Is blowing o'er, that hung like Night upon us,
And threaten'd deadly Ruin——Haſte, proclaim
The welcome Tidings loud thro' all the City.
Let ſparkling Lights be ſeen from ev'ry Turret
To tell our Joy, and ſpread their Blaze to Heav'n!
Prepare for Feaſts; Danger ſhall wait at Diſtance,
And Fear be now no more. The jolly Soldier
And Citizen ſhall meet o'er their full Bowls,
Forget their Toils, and laugh their Cares away,
And Mirth and Triumphs cloſe this happy Day.
[*Exeunt* Herb. *and* Art.

Pho. And may ſucceeding Days prove yet more happy!
Well doſt thou bid the Voice of Triumph ſound
Thro' all our Streets; our City calls thee Father;
And ſay, *Eumenes*, doſt thou not perceive
A Father's Tranſport riſe within thy Breaſt,
Whilſt in this Act thou art the Hand of Heav'n
To deal forth Bleſſings, and diſtribute Joy?

Eum. The Bleſſings Heav'n beſtows are freely ſent,
And ſhou'd be freely ſhar'd.

Pho. True;——Generous Minds
Redoubled feel the Pleaſures they impart.

For

For me, if I've deſerv'd by Arms or Counſels,
By Hazards gladly fought, and greatly proſper'd,
Whate'er I've added to the publick Stock,
With Joy I ſee it in *Eumenes'* Hands,
And wiſh but to receive my Share from thee.

Eum. I cannot, if I wou'd, withhold thy Share.
What thou haſt done is thine; the Fame thy own;
And virtuous Actions will reward themſelves.

Pho. Fame?——What is that, if courted for herſelf?
Leſs than a Viſion; a meer Sound, an Echo,
That calls with mimick Voice thro' Woods and Labyrinths
Her cheated Lovers; loſt and heard by Fits,
But never fix'd; a ſeeming Nymph, yet Nothing.
Virtue indeed is a ſubſtantial Good,
A real Beauty; yet with weary Steps
Thro' rugged Ways, by long laborious Service,
When we have trac'd, and woo'd, and won the Dame,
May we not then expect the Dower ſhe brings?

Eum. Well--ask that Dower; ſay, can *Damaſcus* pay it?
Her Riches ſhall be tax'd, name but the Sum,
Her Merchants with ſome coſtly Gemms ſhall grace thee,
Nor can *Heraclius* fail to grant thee Honours,
Proportion'd to thy Birth and thy Deſert.

Pho. And can *Eumenes* think I wou'd be bribed
By Traſh, by ſordid Gold, to venal Virtue?
What! ſerve my Country for the ſame mean Hire
That can corrupt each Villain to betray her?
Why is ſhe ſav'd from theſe *Arabian* Spoilers,
If to be ſtripp'd by her own Sons?——forgive me
If the Thought glows upon my Cheeks; I know
'Twas mention'd, but to prove how much I ſcorn it.
As for *Heraclius*, if he own my Conduct,
I ſhall indulge an honeſt Pride in Honours
Which I have ſtrove to merit. Yes, *Eumenes*,
I have Ambition——yet the vaſt Reward
That ſwells my Hopes, and equals all my Wiſhes
Is in thy Gift alone———it is *Eudocia*.

Eum.

Eum. Eudocia? —— *Phocyas*, I am yet thy Friend,
And therefore will not hold thee long in Doubt.
Thou muſt not think of Her——
Pho. Not think of Her?
Impoſſible! —— She's ever preſent to me,
My Life, my Soul; She animates my Being,
And kindles up my Thoughts to worthy Actions.
And why, *Eumenes*, why not think of Her?
Is not my Rank——
Eum. Forbear—what need a Herald
To tell me who thou art?——Yet once again ——
Since thou wilt force me to a Repetition,
I ſay, thou muſt not think of Her.
Pho. Yet hear me;
Why wilt thou judge, ere I can plead my Cauſe?
Eum. Why wilt thou plead in vain? haſt thou not heard
My Choice has deſtin'd her to *Eutyches?*
Pho. And has ſhe then conſented to that Choice?
Eum. Has She conſented?——What is her Conſent?
Is She not mine?
Pho. She is —— and in that Title
Ev'n Kings with Envy may behold thy Wealth,
And think their Kingdoms poor!——and yet, *Eumenes*,
Shall She, by being thine, be barr'd a Privilege
Which ev'n the meaneſt of her Sex may claim?
Thou wilt not force Her?——
Eum. Who has told thee ſo?
I'd force her to be happy.
Pho. That thou canſt not.
What Happineſs ſubſiſts in Loſs of Freedom?
The Gueſt conſtrain'd but murmurs at the Banquet,
Nor thanks his Hoſt, but ſtarves amidſt Abundance.
Eum. 'Tis well, young Man!——Why then I'll learn from thee
To be a very tame obedient Father.
Thou haſt already taught my Child her Duty.
I find the Source of all her Diſobedience,

Her

Her Hate of me, her Scorn of *Eutyches*;
Ha! it't not ſo?—come tell me; I'll forgive thee.
Haſt thou not found her a moſt ready Scholar?
I know thou haſt———why, what a dull old Dotard
Was I, to think I ever had a Daughter!
Pho. I'm ſorry that *Eumenes* thinks———
Eum. No———Sorry?
Sorry for what? then thou doſt own thou'ſt wrong'd me!
That's ſomewhat yet——Curſe on my ſtupid Blindneſs!
For had I Eyes I might have ſeen it ſooner.
Was this the Spring of thy Romantick Bravery,
Thy boaſtful Merit, thy officious Service?
Pho. It was—with Pride I own it—'twas *Eudocia!*
I have ſerv'd Thee in ſerving Her, thou know'ſt it,
And thought I might have found a better Treatment.
Why wilt thou force me thus to be a Braggard,
And tell thee that which thou ſhou'dſt tell thy ſelf?
It grates my Soul——I am not wont to talk thus.
But I recall my Words——I have done nothing,
And wou'd diſclaim all Merit but my Love.
Eum. O no——ſay on, that thou haſt ſav'd *Damaſcus*,
Is it not ſo?———Look o'er her Battlements,
See, if the flying Foe have left their Camp!
Why are our Gates yet clos'd, if thou haſt freed Us?
'Tis true, thou fought'ſt a Skirmiſh——what of that?
Had *Eutyches* been preſent———
Pho. Eutyches!
Why wilt thou urge my Temper with that Trifler?
O let him come! that in yon ſpacious Plain
We may together charge the thickeſt Ranks,
Ruſh on to Battel, Wounds, and glorious Death,
And prove who 'twas that beſt deſerv'd *Eudocia.*
Eum. That will be ſeen ere long——but ſince I find
Thou arrogantly wou'dſt uſurp Dominion,
Believ'ſt thy ſelf the Guardian Genius here,
And that our Fortunes hang upon thy Sword;
Be that firſt try'd——for know, that from this Moment

Thou

Thou here haſt no Command—Farewell!—So ſtay,
Or hence and joyn the Foe—thou haſt thy Choice.
[*Ex.* Eumenes.

Pho. Spurn'd and degraded!—proud ungrateful Man!
Am I a Bubble then, blown up by thee,
And toſs'd into the Air to make thee Sport?
Hence to the Foe? 'tis well—— *Eudocia*,
O I will ſee thee, thou wrong'd Excellence!
But how to ſpeak thy Wrongs, or my Diſgrace?
Impoſſible——— O rather let me walk
Like a dumb Ghoſt, and burſt my Heart in Silence.

SCENE, *The Garden.*

Enter Eudocia.

Eud. Why muſt we meet by Stealth, like guilty Lovers!
But 'twill not long be ſo———What Joy 'twill be
To own my Heroe in his ripen'd Honours,
And hear applauding Crouds pronounce me bleſt!——
Sure he'll be here——See! the fair riſing Moon,
Ere Day's remaining Twilight ſcarce is ſpent,
Hangs up her ready Lamp, and with mild Luſtre
Drives back the hovering Shades! Come, *Phocyas*, come;
This gentle Seaſon is a Friend to Love,
And now methinks I cou'd, with equal Paſſion
Meet thine, and tell thee all my ſecret Soul.

Enter Phocyas.

He hears me—O my *Phocyas!*—What?—not anſwer?—
Art thou not He? or art ſome Shadow?——ſpeak.

Pho. I am indeed a Shadow—I am nothing——

Eud. What doſt thou mean?—for now I know thee *Phocyas*.

Pho. And never can be thine.

It

It will have vent——O barbarous, curſt——but hold——
I had forgot,——it was *Eudocia*'s Father!——
O cou'd I too forget how he has us'd me!
Eud. I fear to ask thee——
Pho. Doſt thou fear?——Alas!
Then thou wilt pity me——O generous Maid!
Thou haſt charm'd down the Rage that ſwell'd my Heart,
And choak'd my Voice——now I can ſpeak to thee.
And yet 'tis worſe than Death what I have ſuffer'd;
It is the Death of Honour!——Yet that's little;
'Tis more, *Eudocia*, 'tis the Loſs of thee!
Eud. Haſt thou not conquer'd?——What are all theſe Shouts,
This Voice of general Joy heard far around?
What are theſe Fires, that caſt their glimmering Light
Againſt the Sky? Are not all theſe thy Triumph?
Pho. O name not Triumph! talk no more of Conqueſt!
It is indeed a Night of General Joy,
But not to me; *Eudocia*, I am come
To take a laſt Farewell of thee for ever.
Eud. A laſt Farewell?
Pho. Yes;——How wilt thou hereafter
Look on a Wretch deſpis'd, revil'd, caſhier'd,
Strip'd of Command, like a baſe beaten Coward?
Thy cruel Father——I have told too much;——
I ſhou'd not but for this have felt the Wounds
I got in Fight for him——now, now they bleed.
But I have done——and now thou haſt my Story,
Is there a Creature ſo accurſt as *Phocyas?*
Eud. And can it be?——Is this then thy Reward?
O *Phocyas!* never wou'dſt thou tell me yet
That thou hadſt Wounds; Now I muſt feel them too.
For is it not for me thou haſt borne this?
What elſe cou'd be thy Crime?——wert thou a Traytor,
Hadſt thou betray'd us, ſold us to the Foe——
Pho. Wou'd I be yet a Traytor, I have Leave;
Nay, I am dar'd to it with mocking Scorn.

My

My Crime indeed was asking thee; That only
Has cancell'd all, if I had any Merit;
The City now is ſafe, my Service ſlighted,
And I diſcarded like an uſeleſs thing,
Nay, bid be gone—and, if I like that better,
Seek out new Friends, and join yon barbarous Hoſt.
Eud. Hold—let me think a while— [*Walks aſide.*
——Tho' my Heart bleed,
I wou'd not have him ſee theſe dropping Tears.——
And wilt thou go then, *Phocyas?*
Pho. To my Grave;
Where can I bury elſe this foul Diſgrace?
Alas! that Queſtion ſhews how poor I am,
How very much a Wretch, for if I go,
It is from thee, thou only Joy of Life;
And Death will then be welcome.
Eud. Art thou ſure
Thou haſt been us'd thus?—Art thou quite undone?
Pho. Yes, very ſure—What doſt thou mean?
Eud. That then, it is a Time for me—O Heav'n! that I
Alone am grateful to this wondrous Man!——
To own thee *Phocyas*, thus—— [*Giving her Hand*]
nay, glory in thee,
And ſhew without a Bluſh, how much I love.
We muſt not part——
Pho. Then am I rich again! [*Embracing her.*
O no——we will not part!—confirm it, Heav'n!
Now thou ſhalt ſee how I will bend my Spirit,
With what ſoft Patience I will bear my Wrongs,
Till I have weary'd out thy Father's Scorn.
Yet I have worſe to tell thee——*Eutyches*——
Eud. Why wilt thou name him?
Pho. Now, ev'n now he's coming!
Juſt hov'ring o'er thee like a Bird of Prey.
Thy Father vows—for I muſt tell thee All——
'Twas this that wrung my Heart, and rack'd my Brain
Ev'n

Ev'n to Diſtraction!—vows thee to his Bed;
Nay threaten'd Force, if thou refuſe Obedience.
Eud. Force?——threaten'd Force?—my Father!——
where is Nature?
Is that too baniſh'd from his Heart?———O then
I have no Father—How have I deſerv'd this?———
[*Weeping.*
No Home, but am henceforth an Out-caſt Orphan;
For I will wander to Earth's utmoſt Bounds,
Ere give my Hand to that deteſted Contract.
O ſave me, *Phocyas!* thou haſt ſav'd my Father—
Muſt I yet call him ſo, this cruel Father?
How wilt thou now deliver poor *Eudocia?*
Pho. See! how we're join'd in Exile, how our Fate
Conſpires to warn us both to leave this City!
Thou know'ſt the Emperor is now at *Antioch*;
I have an Unkle there, who, when the *Perſian*,
As now the *Saracen*, had nigh o'er-run
The ravag'd Empire, did him ſignal Service,
And nobly was rewarded. There, *Eudocia*,
Thou might'ſt be ſafe, and I may meet with Juſtice.
Eud. There—any where, ſo we may fly this Place.
See, *Phocyas*, what thy Wrongs and mine have wrought
In a weak Woman's Frame! for I have Courage
To ſhare thy Exile now thro' ev'ry Danger.
Danger is only here, and dwells with Guilt,
With baſe Ingratitude, and hard Oppreſſion.
Pho. Then let us loſe no time, but hence this Night.
The Gates I can command, and will provide
The Means of our Eſcape. Some five Hours hence
('Twill then be turn'd of Midnight) we may meet
In the Piazza of *Honoria*'s Convent.
Eud. I know it well; the Place is moſt ſecure,
And near adjoyning to this Garden Wall.
There thou ſhalt find me—O protect us, Heav'n!
Pho. Fear not;—thy Innocence will be our Guard.
I've thought already how to ſhape our Courſe.

Some

Some pitying Angel will attend thy Steps,
Guide thee unſeen, and charm the ſleeping Foe,
'Till thou art ſafe!—O I have ſuffer'd nothing;
Thus gaining thee, and this great generous Proof,
How bleſt I am in my *Eudocia*'s Love!
My only Joy, Farewel!———
I've now no Friend but thee—yet thee I'll call
Friend, Father, Lover, Guardian!—Thou art all.

[*Exeunt*,

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, Caled's *Tent*.

Caled *attended*. Sergius *brought in, bound with Cords*.

CALED.

MERCY? What's that?—Look yonder on the Field
Of our late Fight!—Go, talk of Mercy there.
Will the Dead hear thy Voice?

Serg. O ſpare me yet!

Cal. Thou Wretch!—Spare thee? to what? to live in Torture?
Are not thy Limbs all bruis'd, thy Bones disjointed;
To force thee to confeſs? And wou'dſt thou drag,
Like a cruſh'd Serpent, a vile mangled Being?
My Eyes abhor a Coward—Hence, and dye!

Serg. O, I have told thee all!—When firſt purſu'd,
I fix'd my Letters on an Arrow's Point,
And ſhot them o'er the Walls———

Cal.

Cal. Haſt thou told all?
Well, then thou ſhalt have Mercy to requite thee:
Behold, I'll ſend thee forward on thy Errand.
Strike off his Head; then caſt it o'er the Gates;
There let thy Tongue tell o'er its Tale again.
Serg. O bloody *Saracen!*——

[*Ex.* Sergius, *dragg'd away by Guards.*

Enter Abudah.

Cal. Abudah, welcome!
Abu. O *Caled!* what an Evening was the laſt!
Cal. Name it no more; Remembrance ſickens with it,
And therefore Sleep is baniſh'd from this Night;
Nor ſhall to-morrow's Sun open his Eye
Upon our Shame, ere doubly we've redeem'd it.
Have all the Captains Notice?
Abu. I have walk'd
The Rounds to-night, ere the laſt Hour of Prayer,
From Tent to Tent, and warn'd them to be ready.
What muſt be done?
Cal. Thou know'ſt th' important News,
Which we have intercepted by this Slave,
Of a new Army's March. The Time now calls,
While theſe ſoft *Syrians* are diſſolv'd in Riot,
Fool'd with Succeſs, and not ſuſpecting Danger,
Neglectful of their Watch, or elſe faſt bound
In Chains of Sleep, Companion of Debauches,
To form a new Attack ere Break of Day.
So, like the wounded Leopard, ſhall we ruſh
From out our Covert on theſe drowſy Hunters,
And ſeize 'em unprepar'd to 'ſcape our Vengeance.
Abu. Great Captain of the Armies of the Faithful!
I know thy mighty and unconquer'd Spirit.
Yet hear me, *Caled*; hear, and weigh my Doubts.
Our angry Prophet frowns upon our Vices,
And viſits us in Blood. Why elſe did Terrors
Unknown before ſeize all our ſtouteſt Bands?
The Angel of Deſtruction was abroad;

The

The Archers of the Tribe of *Thoal* fled,
So long renown'd, or ſpent their Shafts in vain;
The feather'd Flights err'd thro' the boundleſs Air,
Or the Death turn'd on him that drew the Bow!
What can this bode? —— Let me ſpeak plainer yet;
Is it to propagate th' unſpotted Law
We fight? 'tis well; it is a noble Cauſe!
But much I fear Infection is among us;
A boundleſs Luſt of Rapine guides our Troops.
We learn the Chriſtian Vices we chaſtiſe,
And, tempted with the Pleaſures of the Soil,
More than with diſtant Hopes of Paradiſe,
I fear, may ſoon—but Oh! avert it Heav'n!
Fall ev'n a Prey to our own Spoils and Conqueſts.

Cal. No--thou miſtak'ſt; thy pious Zeal deceives thee,
Our Prophet only chides our Sluggard Valour.
Thou ſaw'ſt how in the Vale of *Honan* once
The Troops, as now defeated, fled confus'd
Ev'n to the Gates of *Mecca*'s holy City;
Till *Mahomet* himſelf there ſtop'd their Entrance,
A Javelin in his Hand, and turn'd them back
Upon the Foe; they fought again, and conquer'd.
Behold how we may beſt appeaſe his Wrath!
His own Example points us out the Way.

Abu. Well—be it then reſolv'd. Th' indulgent Hour
Of better Fortune is, I hope, at Hand.
And yet, ſince *Phocyas* has appear'd its Champion,
How has this City rais'd its drooping Head!
As if ſome Charm prevail'd where e'er he fought;
Our Strength ſeems wither'd, and our feeble Weapons
Forgot their wonted Triumph——were he abſent——

Cal. I wou'd have ſought him out in the laſt Action
To ſingle Fight, and put that Charm to Proof,
Had not a foul and ſudden Miſt aroſe
Ere I arriv'd to have reſtor'd the Combat.
But let it be—'tis paſt. We yet may meet,
And 'twill be known whoſe Arm is then the ſtronger.

Enter

Enter Daran.

Dar. Health to the Race of *Iſmael!* and Days
More proſp'rous than the laſt;—a Chriſtian Captive
Is fall'n within my Watch, and waits his Doom.

Cal. Bring forth the Slave! —— O thou keen Vulture Death!
Do we then feed thee only thus by Morſels?
Whole Armies never can ſuffice thy Hunger.

Daran *goes out, and re-enters with* Phocyas.

Cal. Whence, and what art thou?—of *Damaſcus?*—*Daran,*
Where didſt thou find this dumb and ſullen Thing,
That ſeems to lour Defiance on our Anger?

Dar. Marching in Circuit, with the Horſe thou gaveſt me,
T' obſerve the City Gates, I ſaw from far
Two Perſons iſſue forth, the one advanc'd,
And ere he could retreat, my Horſemen ſeiz'd him.
The other was a Woman, and had fled,
Upon a Signal giv'n at our Approach,
And got within the Gate. Wou'dſt thou know more,
Himſelf, if he will ſpeak, can beſt inform thee.

Cal. Have I not ſeen thy Face?

Abu. [to *Caled.*] He hears thee not;
His Eyes are fix'd on Earth; ſome deep Diſtreſs
Is at his Heart. This is no common Captive.

Cal. A Lion in the Toils! We ſoon ſhall tame him.
Still art thou dumb?—Nay, 'tis in vain to caſt
Thy gloomy Looks ſo oft around this Place,
Or frown upon thy Bonds——thou canſt not 'ſcape.

Pho. Then be it ſo——the worſt is paſt already,
And Life is now not worth a Moment's Pauſe.
Do you not know me yet?——think of the Man
You have moſt Cauſe to curſe, and I am He.

Cal. Ha! *Phocyas?*

Abu. Phocyas? —— *Mahomet,* we thank thee!
Now thou doſt ſmile again.

Dar.

Dar. [*Aſide.*] O Devil, Devil!
And I not know him?——'twas but Yeſterday
He kill'd my Horſe, and drove me from the Field.
Now I'm reveng'd! No; hold you there, not yet,
Not while he lives.
Cal. [*Aſide.*] This is indeed a Prize!——
Is it becauſe thou know'ſt what ſlaughter'd Heaps
There yet unbury'd lye without the Camp,
Whoſe Ghoſts have all this Night, paſſing the *Zorat*,
Call'd from that Bridge of Death on thee to follow,
That now thou'rt here to anſwer to their Cry?
Howe'er it be, thou know'ſt thy Welcome——
Pho. Yes,
Thou proud, blood-thirſty *Arab!*——Well I know
What to expect from thee; I know Ye all.
How ſhould the Authors of Diſtreſs and Ruin
Be mov'd to Pity? that's a Human Paſſion;
No——in your hungry Eyes, that look Revenge,
I read my Doom. Where are your Racks, your Tortures?
I'm ready——lead me to 'em; I can bear
The worſt of Ills from you. You're not my Friends,
My Countrymen.——Yet were ye Men, I cou'd
Unfold a Story——but no more—*Eumenes*,
Thou haſt thy Wiſh, and I am now—a Worm!
Abu. [*to* Caled *aſide.*] Leader of Armies, hear him!
for my Mind
Preſages Good accruing to our Cauſe
By this Event.
Cal. I tell thee then, thou wrong'ſt Us,
To think our Hearts thus ſteel'd, and our Ears deaf
To all that thou may'ſt utter. Speak, diſcloſe
The ſecret Woe that throbbs within thy Breaſt.
Now, by the ſilent Hours of Night! we'll hear thee,
And mute Attention ſhall await thy Words.
Pho. This is not then the Palace in *Damaſcus!*
If ye will hear, then I indeed have wrong'd you.
How can this be?——When he for whom I've fought,

Fought

Fought againſt you, has yet refus'd to hear me!
You ſeem ſurpriz'd.——It was Ingratitude
That drove me an Exile out from thoſe Walls,
Which I ſo late defended.

Abu. Can it be?
Are theſe thy Chriſtian Friends?

Cal. 'Tis well——we thank 'em.
They help us to ſubdue themſelves.——But who
Was that Companion of thy Flight?——A Woman,
So *Daran* ſaid——

Pho. 'Tis there I am moſt wretched——
O I am torne from all my Soul held dear,
And my Life's Blood flows out upon the Wound!
That Woman—'twas for her—How ſhall I ſpeak it?—
Eudocia, O Farewell!—I'll tell you then,
As faſt as theſe Heart-rending Sighs will let me;
I lov'd the Daughter of the proud *Eumenes*,
And long in ſecret woo'd her; not unwelcome
To Her my Viſits; but I fear'd her Father,
Who oft had preſs'd her to deteſted Nuptials,
And therefore durſt not till this Night of Joy
Avow to him my Courtſhip. Now I thought her
Mine, by a double Claim, of mutual Vows,
And Service yielded at his greateſt Need.
When, as I mov'd my Suit, with ſow'r Diſdain
He mock'd my Service, and forbade my Love;
Degraded me from the Command I bore,
And with Defiance bade me ſeek the Foe.
How has his Curſe prevail'd!——The generous Maid
Was won by my Diſtreſs to leave the City;
And cruel Fortune made me thus your Prey.

Abu. [*Aſide*] My Soul is mov'd.—Thou wert a Man,
O Prophet!
Forgive, if 'tis a Crime, a human Sorrow
For injur'd Worth, tho' in an Enemy!

Pho. Now—ſince you've heard my Story, ſet me free,
That I may ſave her yet, dearer than Life,

From

From a tyrannick Father's threaten'd Force;
Gold, Gems and Purple Veſts ſhall pay my Ranſom;
Nor ſhall my peaceful Sword henceforth be drawn
In Fight, nor break its Truce with you for ever.
Cal. No; — there's one Way, a better, and but one,
To ſave thy ſelf, and make ſome Reparation
For all the Numbers thy bold Hand has ſlain.
Pho. O name it quickly, and my Soul will bleſs thee!
Cal. Embrace our Faith, and ſhare with us our For-
Pho. Then I am loſt again! [tunes.
Caled. What! when we offer
Not Freedom only, but to raiſe thee high
To Greatneſs, Conqueſt, Glory, Heav'nly Bliſs!
Pho. To ſink me down to Infamy, Perdition,
Here and hereafter! make my Name a Curſe
To preſent Times, to ev'ry future Age
A Proverb and a Scorn! —— take back thy Mercy,
And know I now diſdain it.
Cal. As thou wilt.
The Time's too precious to be waſted longer
In Words with thee. Thou know'ſt thy Doom ———
Farewel.
Abu. [*to* Caled, *Aſide.*] Hear me yet, *Caled!* grant
him ſome ſhort Space;
Perhaps at length he will accept thy Bounty.
Try him at leaſt ———
Cal. Well — b it ſo then. *Daran,*
Guard well thy Charge. — Thou haſt an Hour to live;
If thou art Wiſe, thou may'ſt prolong that Term;
If not — why — Fare thee well, and think of Death.
[*Exeunt* Cal. *and* Abu.
Phocyas. [Daran *waiting at a Diſtance.*]
Farewel, and think of Death! Was it not ſo?
Do Murderers then preach Morality? ——
But how to think of what the Living know not,
And the Dead cannot, or elſe may not tell? —
What art thou, O thou great Myſterious Terror!

The Way to thee we know; Diſeaſes, Famine,
Sword, Fire, and all thy ever-open Gates
That Day and Night ſtand ready to receive us.
But what's beyond them? — Who will draw that Veil?
Yet Death's not there — No; 'tis a Point of Time,
The Verge 'twixt mortal and immortal Being.
It mocks our Thought! On this Side all is Life;
And when we've reach'd it, in that very Inſtant
'Tis paſt the thinking of! ——— O! if it be
The Pangs, the Throes, the agonizing Struggle
When Soul and Body part, ſure I have felt it,
And there's no more to fear.

Daran. [*Aſide.*] Suppoſe I now
Diſpatch him? — Right — What need to ſtay for Orders?
I wiſh I dur'ſt! —— Yet what I dare I'll do.
Your Jewels, Chriſtian — You'll not need theſe Triſles —
[*Searching him.*

Pho. I pr'ythee, Slave, ſtand off — My Soul's too buſy
To loſe a Thought on thee.

Enter Abudah.

Abu. What's this? ——— forbear!
Who gave thee Leave to uſe this Inſolence?
[*Takes the Jewels from him, and lays 'em on a Table.*

Dar. [*Aſide*] Deny'd my Booty? — Curſes on his Head!
Was not the Founder of our Law a Robber?
Why, 'twas for that I left my Country's Gods,
Menaph and *Uzza*. Better ſtill be Pagan,
Than ſtarve with a new Faith.

Abu. What? ——— Doſt thou mutter?
Daran, withdraw; and better learn thy Duty. [*Ex.* Dar.
Phocyas, perhaps thou know'ſt me not ———

Pho. I know
Thy Name *Abudah*, and thy Office here
The Second in Command. What more thou art
Indeed I cannot tell.

Abu. True; for thou yet
Know'ſt not I am thy Friend.

Pho.

Pho. Is't poſſible? ———
Thou ſpeak'ſt me fair.
Abu. What doſt thou think of Life?
Pho. I think not of it; Death was in my Thoughts.
On hard Conditions, Life were but a Load,
And I wou'd lay it down.
Abu. Art thou reſolv'd?
Pho. I am, unleſs thou bring'ſt me better Terms
Than thoſe I have rejected.
Abu. Think again.
Caled, by me, once more renews that Offer. [try
Pho. Thou ſay'ſt thou art my Friend; why doſt thou
To ſhake the ſettled Temper of my Breaſt?
My Soul hath juſt diſcharg'd her cumbrous Train
Of Hopes and Fears, prepar'd to take her Voyage
To other Seats, where ſhe may reſt in Peace;
And now thou call'ſt me back, to beat again
The painful Roads of Life. —— Tempt me no more
To be a Wretch, for I deſpiſe the Offer.
Abu. The General knows thee brave, and 'tis for that
He ſeeks Alliance with thy noble Virtues.
Pho. He knows me brave? — why does he then thus treat me?
No; he believes I am ſo poor of Soul,
That barely for the Privilege to live,
I wou'd be bought his Slave. But go and tell him,
The little Space of Life his Scorn bequeath'd me
Was lent in vain, and he may take the Forfeit.
Abu. Why wilt thou wed thy ſelf to Miſery,
When our Faith courts thee to eternal Bleſſings?
When Truth it ſelf is, like a Seraph, come
To looſe thy Bonds? — The Light Divine, whoſe Beams
Pierc'd thro' the Gloom of *Hera*'s ſacred Cave,
And there illumin'd the great *Mahomet*,
Arabia's Morning-Star, now ſhines on thee.
Ariſe, ſalute with Joy the Gueſt from Heav'n,
Follow her Steps, and be no more a Captive.

Pho. But whither muſt I follow? — anſwer that.
Is She a Gueſt from Heav'n? What Marks divine,
What Signs, what Wonders vouch her boaſted Miſſion?
Abu. What Wonders? -- turn thy Eyes to *Mecca!* mark
How from *Caaba* firſt, that hallow'd Temple,
Her Glory dawn'd? — then look how ſwift its Courſe,
As when the Sun-beams ſhooting thro' a Cloud
Drive o'er the Meadow's Face the flying Shades!
Have not the Nations bent before our Swords,
Like ripen'd Corn before the Reaper's Steel?
Why is all this? Why does Succeſs ſtill wait
Upon our Law, if not to ſhew that Heav'n
Firſt ſent it forth, and owns it ſtill by Conqueſt?
Pho. Doſt thou ask why is this? — O why indeed?
Where is the Man can read Heav'n's ſecret Counſels? —
Why did I conquer in another Cauſe,
Yet now am here? ———
Abu. I'll tell thee —— thy good Angel
Has ſeiz'd thy Hand unſeen, and ſnatch'd thee out
From ſwift Deſtruction; know, ere Day ſhall dawn
Damaſcus will in Blood lament its Fall;
We've heard what Army is deſign'd to march
Too late to ſave her. Now, e'en now, our Force
Is juſt preparing for a freſh Aſſault.
Now too thou might'ſt revenge thy Wrongs — ſo *Caled*
Charg'd me to ſay; and more, that he invites thee,
Thou know'ſt the Terms — to ſhare with him the Conqueſt.
Pho. Conqueſt? — Revenge? — Hold let me think
—— O Horror!
Revenge? — O what Revenge? Bleed on my Wounds;
For thus to be reveng'd, were it not worſe
Than all that I can ſuffer? —— But *Eudocia* ——
Where will She then — Shield her, ye pitying Pow'rs,
And let me die in Peace!
Abu. Hear me once more,
'Tis all I have to offer; mark me now!
Caled has ſworn *Eudocia* ſhall be ſafe.

Pho.

Pho. Ha! Safe? — but how? a wretched Captive too!
Abu. He ſwears ſhe ſhall be free, ſhe ſhall be thine.
Pho. Then I am loſt indeed — O cruel Bounty!
How can I be at once both curs'd and happy?
Abu. The Time draws near, and I muſt quickly leave thee;
But firſt reflect, that in this fatal Night
Slaughter and Rapine may be loos'd abroad,
And while they roam with undiſtinguiſh'd Rage,
Shou'd She thou lov'ſt — well may'ſt thou ſtart — be made,
Perhaps unknown, ſome barb'rous Soldier's Prey,
Shou'd ſhe then fall a Sacrifice to Luſt,
Or brutal Fury ———
Pho. O —— this pulls my Heart-ſtrings! [*Falls.*
Earth open — ſave me, ſave me from that Thought,
There's Ruin in it, 'twill, it will undo me.
Abu. Nay, do not plunge thy ſelf in black Deſpair;
Look up, poor Wretch, thou art not ſhipwreck'd yet,
Behold an Anchor; am not I thy Friend?
Yet hear me, and be bleſt ——
Pho. [*riſing.*] Hah! who, what art thou? [*Raving.*
My Friend? that's well; but hold — are all Friends honeſt?
What's to be done? — Huſh, hark! what Voice is that!
Abu. There is no Voice; 'tis yet the Dead of Night,
The Guards, without, keep ſilent Watch around us.
Pho. Again — it calls — 'tis She — O lead me to her —
Abu. Thy Paſſion mocks thee with imagin'd Sounds.
Pho. Sure 'twas *Eudocia*'s Voice cry'd out — *Forbear.*
What ſhall I do? —— O Heav'n!
Abu. Heav'n ſhews thee what.
Nay, now it is too late; ſee *Caled* comes
With Anger on his Brow; quickly withdraw
To the next Tent, and there ———
Pho. [*Raving.*] What do I ſee?
Damaſcus! Conqueſt! Ruin! Rapes and Murder!
Villains! — Is there no way — O ſave her, ſave her!
[*Exit with* Abudah.

Enter Caled *and* Daran.

Dar. Behold, on thy Approach they ſhift their Ground.
Cal. 'Tis as thou ſay'ſt, he trifles with my Mercy.
Dar. Speak, ſhall I fetch his Head?
Cal. No, ſtay thou here,
I cannot ſpare thee yet. *Raphan*, go thou. [*To an Officer.*
But hold —— I've thought again, — he ſhall not die.
Go, tell him he ſhall live, till he has ſeen
Damaſcus ſink in Flame, 'till he behold
That Slave, the Woman-Idol he adores,
Or giv'n a Prize to ſome brave *Muſſulman*,
Or ſlain before his Face; then if he ſue
For Death as for a Boon —— perhaps we'll grant it.
[*Exit Raphan.*
Dar. The Captains wait thy Orders.
Cal. Are the Troops
Ready to march?
Dar. They are. [*The Captains paſs by as they are nam'd.*
Cal. Where's *Abu-Taleb?*
Alcoraſh? —— O, your valiant Tribes, I thank 'em,
Fled from their Standard! Will they now redeem it?
Omar and *Serjabil?* — 'tis well, I ſee 'em.
You know your Duty. You, *Abdorraman*,
Muſt charge with *Raphan*. Mourn, thou haughty City!
The Bow is bent, nor canſt thou ſcape thy Doom.
Who turns his Back henceforth, our Prophet curſe him!
Dar. But who commands the truſty Bands of *Mecca?*
Thou know'ſt their Leader fell in the laſt Fight.
Cal. 'Tis true; thou, *Daran*, well deſerv'ſt that Charge;
I've mark'd what a keen Hatred, like my own,
Dwells in thy Breaſt againſt theſe Chriſtian Dogs.
Dar. Thou doſt me Right.
Cal. And therefore I'll reward it.
Be that Command now thine. And here — this Sabre,
Bleſs'd in the Field by *Mahomet* himſelf
At *Chaibar*'s proſp'rous Fight, ſhall aid thy Arm.

Dar.

Dar. Thanks, my good Chief; with this I'll better thank thee. [*Taking the Scimetar.*

Cal. My ſelf will lead the Troops of the Black Standard,
And at the Eaſtern Gate begin the Storm.

Dar. But why do we not move? 'twill ſoon be Day.
Methinks I'm cold, and wou'd grow warm with Action.

Cal. Then haſte and tell *Abudah*—O thou'rt welcome,

Enter Abudah.

Thy Charge awaits thee. Where's the ſtubborn Captive?

Abu. Indeed he's brave. I left him for a Moment
In the next Tent. He's ſcarcely yet himſelf.

Cal. But is he ours?

Abu. The Threats of Death are nothing;
Tho' thy laſt Meſſage ſhook his Soul, as Winds
On the bleak Hills bend down ſome lofty Pine;
Yet ſtill he held his Root; till I found Means,
Abating ſomewhat of thy firſt Demand,
If not to make him wholly ours, at leaſt
To gain ſufficient to our End.

Cal. Say how?

Abu. Oft he inclin'd, oft ſtarted back; at laſt,
When juſt conſenting, for a while he paus'd,
Stood fix'd in Thought, and lift his Eyes to Heav'n;
Then, as with freſh recover'd Force, cry'd out
Renounce my Faith? Never——I anſwer'd, No,
That now he ſhou'd not do it.

Cal. How?

Abu. Yet hear.
For ſince I ſaw him now ſo loſt in Paſſion,
That muſt be left to his more temperate Thoughts.
Mean time I urg'd, conjur'd, at laſt conſtrain'd him
By all he held moſt dear, nay by the Voice
Of Providence, that call'd him now to ſave,
With her he lov'd, perhaps the Lives of thouſands,
No longer to reſiſt his better Fate,
But join his Arms in preſent Action with us,
And ſwear he would be faithful.

Cal. What, no more?
Then he's a Chriſtian ſtill?
Abu. Have Patience yet:
For if by him we can ſurprize the City——
Cal. Say'ſt thou?
Abu. Hear what's agreed; but on the Terms
That ev'ry unreſiſting Life be ſpar'd.
I ſhall command ſome choſen faithful Bands,
Phocyas will guide us to the Gate, from whence
He late eſcap'd, nor do we doubt but there
With Eaſe to gain Admittance.
Cal. This is ſomething.
And yet I do not like this Half-Ally——
Is he not ſtill a Chriſtian? — but no matter —
Mean time I will attack the Eaſtern Gate;
Who firſt ſucceeds gives Entrance to the reſt.
Hear, All! — Prepare ye now for boldeſt Deeds,
And know, the Prophet will reward your Valour.
Think that ye all to certain Triumph move;
Who falls in Fight yet meets the Prize above.
There, in the Gardens of eternal Spring,
While Birds of Paradiſe around you ſing,
Each, with his blooming Beauty by his Side,
Shall drink rich Wines that in full Rivers glide,
Breathe fragrant Gales o'er Fields of Spice that blow,
And gather Fruits immortal as they grow.
Ecſtatick Bliſs ſhall your whole Powers employ,
And ev'ry Senſe be loſt in ev'ry Joy. [*Exeunt.*

The SIEGE *of* DAMASCUS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A great Square in the City, before the Governor's Palace.*

Enter Abudah, *Saracen Captains and Soldiers*; *with* Eumenes, Herbis, *and others of the Chriſtians unarm'd.*

EUMENES.

I muſt be ſo — Farewel, devoted Walls! —
To be ſurpris'd thus? —— Hell and all ye Fiends,
How did ye watch this Minute for Deſtruction!
Herb. We've been betray'd by Riot and Debauch;
Curſe on the Traytor Guard!
Eum. The Guard above,
Did that ſleep too?
Abu. Chriſtians, complain no more.
What you have ask'd is granted. Are ye Men,
And dare ye queſtion thus, with bold Impatience,
Eternal Juſtice! — Know, the Doom from Heav'n

Falls on your Towers, reſiſtleſs as the Bolt
That fires the Cedars on your Mountain Tops.
Be meek, and learn with humble Awe to bear
The mitigated Ruin. Worſe had follow'd,
Had ye oppos'd our Numbers. Now you're ſafe.
Quarter and Liberty are giv'n to All;
And little do ye think how much ye owe
To one brave Enemy, whom yet ye know not.

Enter Artamon *haſtily.*

Art. All's loſt! — Ha — Who are theſe?

Eum. All's loſt indeed.

Yield up thy Sword, if thou wou'dſt ſhare our Safety.
Thou com'ſt too late to bring us News.

Art. O ——— no.

The News I bring is from the Eaſtern Guard.
Caled has forc'd the Gate, and — but he's here.

A Cry without.] Fly, fly; they follow —— Quarter, Mercy, Quarter!

[*Several Perſons as purſu'd run over the Stage.*

Caled. [*without.*] No Quarter! Kill, I ſay; are they not Chriſtians?

More Blood! our Prophet asks it. ——

He enters with Daran, *&c.*

What, *Abudah?*
Well met! — but wherefore are theſe Looks of Peace?
Why ſleeps thy Sword?

Abu. Caled, Our Task is over.
Behold the Chiefs; they have reſign'd the Palace.

Cal. And ſworn t' obey our Law?

Abu. No.

Cal. Then fall on.

Abu. Hold yet, and hear me — Heav'n by me has ſpar'd
The Sword its cruel Task. On eaſy Terms
We've gain'd a bloodleſs Conqueſt.

Cal. I renounce it.
Curſe on thoſe Terms; the City's mine by Storm.
Fall on, I ſay ———

Abu.

Abu. Nay then, I ſwear Ye ſhall not.
Cal. Ha!———Who am I?
Abu. The General, and I know
What Reverence is your Due.
[Cal. *ſigns to his Men to fall on.*
———————Nay, he who ſtirs,
Firſt makes his Way thro' me. My Honour's pledg'd;
Rob me of that who dares. [*They ſtop.*] I know thee, *Caled*,
Chief in Command; bold, valiant, wiſe and faithful.
But yet remember I'm a Muſſulman,
Nay more, thou know'ſt, Companion of the Prophet,
And what we vow is ſacred.
Cal. Thou'rt a Chriſtian,
I ſwear thou art, and haſt betray'd the Faith.
Curſe on thy new Allies!
Abu. No more———this Strife
But ill beſeems the Servants of the Caliph,
And caſts Reproach——Chriſtians, withdraw a while;
I pledge my Life to anſwer the Conditions———
[*Ex.* Eum. Herb. *&c.*
Why, *Caled*, do we thus expoſe our ſelves
A Scorn to Nations that deſpiſe our Law?
Thou call'ſt me Chriſtian—What? Is it becauſe
I prize my plighted Faith, that I'm a Chriſtian?
Come, 'tis not well, and if———
Cal. What Terms are yielded?
Abu. Leave to depart, to all that will; an Oath
Firſt giv'n, no more to aid the War againſt us.
An unmoleſted March. Each Citizen
To take his Goods, not more than a Mule's Burden;
The Chiefs ſix Mules, and ten the Governor.
Beſides ſome few ſlight Arms for their Defence
Againſt the Mountain Robbers.
Cal. Now, by *Mahomet*,
Thou haſt equipp'd an Army.
Abu. Canſt thou doubt
The greater Part by far will chuſe to ſtay,

Receive

Receive our Law, or pay th' accuſtom'd Tribute?
What fear we then from a few wretched Bands
Of ſcatter'd Fugitives?——beſides, thou know'ſt
What Towns of Strength remain yet unſubdu'd.
Let us appear this once like generous Victors,
So future Conqueſts ſhall repay this Bounty,
And willing Provinces e'en court Subjection.

Cal. Well!———be it on thy Head, if worſe befall!
This once I yield——but ſee it then proclaim'd
Thro' all *Damaſcus*, that who will depart
Muſt leave the Place this Inſtant.———Paſs, move on.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Outſide of a Nunnery.*

Eudocia.

Darkneſs is fled; and yet the Morning Light
Gives me more Fears than did Night's deadly Gloom.
Within, Without, All, all are Foes.——O *Phocyas*,
Thou art perhaps at Reſt; wou'd I were too!
[*After a Pauſe.*
This Place has holy Charms; Rapine and Murder
Dare not approach it, but are aw'd to Diſtance.
I've heard that e'en theſe Infidels have ſpar'd
Walls ſacred to Devotion.———World, Farewel!
Here will I hide me, 'till the friendly Grave
Open its Arms, and ſhelter me for ever. [*Exit.*

Enter Phocyas.

Pho. Did I not hear the Murmurs of a Voice,
This Way?—a Woman's too?—and ſeem'd complaining?
Hark!—No—O Torture! Whither ſhall I turn me?
I've ſearch'd the Palace Rooms in vain; and now,
I know not why, ſome Inſtinct brought me hither.——
'Twas here laſt Night we met. Dear, dear *Eudocia!*
Might I once more—[*Going out, he meets her entring.*

Eud.

Eud. Who calls the loſt *Eudocia?*
Sure 'tis a friendly Voice.
Pho. 'Tis She!———O Rapture!
Eud. Is't poſſible?———my *Phocyas?*———
Pho. My *Eudocia!*
Do I yet call thee mine?
Eud. Do I yet ſee thee?
Yet hear thee ſpeak?———O how haſt thou eſcap'd
From barbarous Swords, and Men that know not Mercy?
Pho. I've borne a thouſand Deaths ſince our laſt Parting.
But wherefore do I talk of Death?———for now
Methinks, I'm rais'd almoſt to Life immortal,
And feel I'm bleſt beyond the Pow'r of Change.
Eud. O yet beware—leſt ſome Event unknown
Again ſhou'd part us.
Pho. [*Aſide.*] Heav'n avert the Omen!
None can, my Fair, none ſhall.
Eud. Alas! thy Tranſport
Makes thee forget; is not the City taken?
Pho. It is.
Eud. And are we not beſet with Foes?
Pho. There are no Foes—or none to thee—No Danger.
Eud. No Foes?
Pho. I know not how to tell thee yet———
But think, *Eudocia,* that my matchleſs Love
And wondrous Cauſes preordain'd, conſpiring,
For thee have triumph'd o'er the fierceſt Foes,
And turn'd 'em into Friends.
Eud. Amazement! Friends?———
O all ye Guardian Powers!—Say on—O lead me,
Lead me thro' this dark Maze of Providence
Which thou haſt trod, that I may trace thy Steps
With ſilent Awe, and worſhip as I paſs.
Pho. Enquire no more—thou ſhalt know all hereafter—
Let me conduct thee hence———
Eud. O whither next?
To what far diſtant Home?—But 'tis enough,

That

That favour'd thus of Heav'n thou art my Guide.
And as we journey on the painful Way,
Say, wilt thou then beguile the paſſing Hours,
And open all the Wonders of thy Story?

Pho. Indulge no more thy melancholy Thoughts.
Damaſcus is thy Home.

Eud. And yet thou ſay'ſt
It is no longer Ours!—Where is my Father?

Pho. To ſhew thee too how Fate ſeems every Way
To guard thy Safety, e'en thy Father now,
Wert thou within his Pow'r, wou'd ſtand defeated
Of his tyrannick Vow. Thou know'ſt laſt Night
What Hope of Aids flatter'd this fooliſh City;
At Break of Day th' *Arabian* Scouts had ſeiz'd
A ſecond Courier, and from him 'tis learn'd
That on their March the Army mutiny'd,
And *Eutyches* was ſlain.

Eud. And yet, That now
Is of the leaſt Importance to my Peace.
But anſwer me; ſay, where is now my Father?

Pho. Or gone, or juſt preparing to depart.

Eud. What! Is our Doom revers'd? And is he then
The wretched Fugitive?———

Pho. Thou heav'nly Maid!
To free thee then from ev'ry anxious Thought,
Know, I've once more, wrong'd as I am, e'en ſav'd
Thy Father's threaten'd Life, nay ſav'd *Damaſcus*
From Blood and Slaughter, and from total Ruin.
Terms are obtain'd, and general Freedom granted
To all that will, to leave in Peace the City.

Eud. Is't poſſible—now truſt me I cou'd chide thee:
'Tis much unkind to hold me thus in Doubt;
I pr'ythee clear theſe Wonders.

Pho. 'Twill ſurpriſe thee,
When thou ſhalt know———

Eud. What?

Pho. To what deadly Gulphs

Of

Of Horror and Deſpair, what cruel Straits
Of agonizing Thought I have been driv'n
This Night, ere my perplex'd bewilder'd Soul
Cou'd find its Way—thou ſaidſt that thou wou'dſt chide;
I fear thou wilt; indeed I have done that
I cou'd have wiſh'd t'avoid——but for a Cauſe
So lovely, ſo belov'd———

Eud. What doſt thou mean?
I'll not indulge a Thought that thou cou'dſt do
One Act unworthy of thy ſelf, thy Honour,
And that firm Zeal againſt theſe Foes of Heav'n,
Which won my Heart at firſt to ſhare in all
Thy Dangers and thy Fame, and wiſh thee mine.
Thou cou'dſt not ſave thy Life by Means inglorious.

Pho. Alas! thou know'ſt me not—I'm Man, frail Man,
To Error born; and who that's Man is perfect?
To ſave my Life? O no; well was it riſqu'd
For thee! had it been loſt, 'twere not too much,
And thou but ſafe;—O what wou'dſt thou have ſaid,
If I had riſqu'd my Soul to ſave *Eudocia?*

Eud. Ha! Speak—O no, be dumb—it cannot be!
And yet thy Looks are chang'd, thy Lips grow pale.
Why doſt thou ſhake?———alas! I tremble too!
Thou cou'dſt not, haſt not ſworn to *Mahomet?*

Pho. No—I ſhou'd firſt have dy'd—nay giv'n up thee.

Eud. O *Phocyas!* Was it well to try me thus?———
And yet another deadly Fear ſucceeds.
How came theſe Wretches hither? Who reviv'd
Their fainting Arms to unexpected Triumph?
For while thou fought'ſt, and fought'ſt the Chriſtian Cauſe,
Theſe batter'd Walls were Rocks impregnable,
Their Tow'rs of Adamant. But O I fear
Some Act of thine———

Pho. No more—— I'll tell thee all;
But pr'ythee do not frown on me, *Eudocia!*———
I found the wakeful Foe in Midnight Council

Re-

Reſolv'd ere Day to make a freſh Attack,
Keen for Revenge, and hungry after Slaughter.
Cou'd my rack'd Soul bear that, and think of thee!
Nay, think of thee expos'd a helpleſs Prey
To ſome fierce Ruffian's violating Arms?
O had the World been mine, in that Extreme
I ſhould have giv'n whole Provinces away,
Nay all — and thought it little for thy Ranſom!

Eud. For this then, — oh — thou haſt betray'd the City!
Diſtruſtful in the Righteous Pow'rs above,
That ſtill protect the Chaſte and Innocent;
And to avert a feign'd uncertain Danger,
Thou haſt brought certain Ruin on thy Country!

Pho. No, thou forget'ſt the friendly Terms — the Sword,
Which threaten'd to have fill'd theſe Streets with Blood,
Is ſheath'd in Peace; thy Father, thou, and all
The Citizens are ſafe, uncaptiv'd, free.

Eud. Safe? free? O no — Life, Freedom, ev'ry Good
Turns to a Curſe, if ſought by wicked Means.
Yet ſure it cannot be! are theſe the Terms
On which we meet? — No — we can never meet
On Terms like theſe; the Hand of Death it ſelf
Cou'd not have torn us from each others Arms
Like this dire Act, this more than fatal Blow!
In Death, the Soul and Body only part
To meet again, and be divorc'd no more;
But now ———

Pho. Ha! Lightning blaſt me! Strike me,
Ye vengeful Bolts! if this is my Reward!
Are theſe my hop'd-for Joys? Is this the Welcome
The wretched *Phocyas* meets, from her he lov'd
More than Life, Fame — e'en to his Soul's Diſtraction?

Eud. Hadſt thou not help'd the Slaves of *Mahomet*,
To ſpread their impious Conqueſts o'er thy Country,
What Welcome was there in *Eudocia*'s Power
She had with-held from *Phocyas*? but alas!
'Tis thou haſt blaſted all our Joys for ever,

And

And cut down Hope like a poor ſhort-liv'd Flower,
Never to grow again!
Pho. Cruel *Eudocia!*
If in my Heart's deep Anguiſh I've been forc'd
A-while from what I was —— doſt thou reject me?
Think of the Cauſe ———
Eud. The Cauſe! There is no Cauſe!
Not univerſal Nature could afford
A Cauſe for this; what were Dominion, Pomp,
The Wealth of Nations, nay of all the World,
The World it ſelf, or what a thouſand Worlds,
If weigh'd with Faith unſpotted, heav'nly Truth,
Thoughts free from Guilt, the Empire of the Mind,
And all the Triumphs of a Godlike Breaſt
Firm and unmov'd in the great Cauſe of Virtue?
Pho. How ſhall I anſwer thee? — my Soul is aw'd,
And trembling owns th' eternal Force of Reaſon!
But oh! can nothing then atone, or plead
For Pity from thee?
Eud. Canſt thou yet undo
The Deed that's done, recall the Time that's paſt?
O call back Yeſterday, call back laſt Night,
Tho' with its Fears, its Dangers, its Diſtreſs;
Bid the fair Hours of Innocence return,
When, in the loweſt Ebb of changeful Fortune,
Thou wert more glorious in *Eudocia*'s Eyes
Than all the Pride of Monarchs! — but that Deed —
Pho. No more — thou waken'ſt in my tortur'd Heart
The cruel, conſcious Worm that ſtings to Madneſs.
O I'm undone! — I know it, and can bear
To be undone for thee, but not to loſe thee.
Eud. Poor Wretch! —— I pity thee! —— but art thou *Phocyas?*
The Man I lov'd? —— I cou'd have dy'd with thee
Ere thou didſt this; then we had gone together,
A glorious Pair, and ſoar'd above the Stars,
Bright as the Stars themſelves; and as we paſs'd

The

The heav'nly Roads, and Milky Ways of Light,
Had heard the bleſt Inhabitants with Wonder
Applaud our ſpotleſs Love. But never, never
Can I be made the curſt Reward of Treaſon,
To ſeal thy Doom, to bind a helliſh League,
And to enſure thy everlaſting Woe.

Pho. What League? —'tis ended — I renounce it— thus [*Kneels.*
I bend to Heav'n and thee.—O thou Divine,
Thou matchleſs Image of all perfect Goodneſs!
Do thou but pity yet the wretched *Phocyas*,
Heav'n will relent, and all may yet be well.

Eud. No—We muſt part. 'Twill ask whole Years of Sorrow
To purge away this Guilt. Then do not think
Thy Loſs in me is worth one dropping Tear;
But, if thou wou'dſt be reconcil'd to Heav'n,
Firſt ſacrifice to Heav'n that fatal Paſſion
Which caus'd thy Fall—Farewell: forget the loſt——
But how ſhall I ask that?— I wou'd have ſaid,
For thy Soul's Peace, forget the loſt *Eudocia:*
Canſt thou forget her?—O the killing Torture
To think 'twas Love, Exceſs of Love, divorc'd us!
Farewell for—ſtill I cannot ſpeak that Word,
Theſe Tears ſpeak for me—O Farewell— [*Exit.*

Pho. [*Raving.*] For ever!
Return, return and ſpeak it, ſay for Ever!—
She's gone—and now ſhe joins the Fugitives.
And yet, ſhe did not quite pronounce my Doom——
O hear, all-gracious Heav'n! wilt thou at once
Forgive, and O inſpire me to ſome Act
This Day, that may in part redeem what's paſt!
Proſper this Day, or let it be my laſt. [*Exit.*

The SIEGE *of* DAMASCUS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *An open Place in the City.*

Enter Caled *and* Daran *meeting.*

CALED.

Soldier, what News? thou look'ſt as thou wert angry.

Dar. And, durſt I ſay it, ſo, my Chief, I am.
I've ſpoke—if it offends, my Head is thine.
Take it, and I am ſilent.

Cal. No; ſay on.
I know thee honeſt, and perhaps I gueſs
What knits thy Brow in Frowns——

Dar. Is this, my Leader,
A conquer'd City!—View yon Vale of Palms:
Behold the vanquiſh'd Chriſtian triumphs ſtill,
Rich in his Flight, and mocks thy barren War.

Cal. The Vale of Palms!

Dar. Beyond thoſe Hills, the Place
Where they agreed this Day to meet and halt,
To gather all their Forces; there, diſguis'd,
Juſt now I've view'd their Camp—O I cou'd curſe
My Eyes for what they've ſeen.

Cal.

Cal. What haſt thou ſeen?

Dar. Why, all *Damaſcus*;—All its Soul, its Life,
Its Hearts-Blood, all its Treaſure, Piles of Plate,
Croſſes enrich'd with Gems, Arras and Silks,
And Veſts of Gold, unfolded to the Sun,
That rival all his Luſtre.

Cal. How!

Dar. 'Tis true.
The Bees are wiſely bearing off their Honey,
And ſoon the empty Hive will be our own.

Cal. So forward too? Curſe on this fooliſh Treaty.

Dar. Forward—it looks as they had been forewarn'd.
By *Mahomet*, the Land wears not the Face
Of War, but Trade; and thou wou'dſt ſwear its Merchants
Were ſending forth their loaded Caravans
To all the Neighbouring Countries.

Cal. [*Aſide.*] Ha! this ſtarts
A lucky Thought of *Mahomet*'s firſt Exploit,
When he purſu'd the Caravan of *Coraſh*,
And from a thouſand miſ-believing Slaves
Wreſted their ill-heap'd Goods, transferr'd to thrive
In holier Hands, and propagate the Faith.———
[*To* Daran] 'Tis ſaid, the Emperor had a Wardrobe here
Of coſtly Silks.

Dar. That too they have remov'd.

Cal. Dogs! Infidels! 'tis more than was allow'd.

Dar. And ſhall we not purſue 'em—Robbers! Thieves!
That ſteal away themſelves, and all they're worth,
And wrong the valiant Soldier of his Due.

Cal. aſide.] The *Caliph* ſhall know this—he ſhall,
Abudah.
This is thy Coward Bargain——I renounce it.
Daran, we'll ſtop their March, and make a Search.

Dar. And ſtrip?

Cal. And kill.

Dar. That's well. And yet I fear
Abudah's Chriſtian Friend——

Cal.

Cal. If poſſible,
He ſhou'd not know of this; no, nor *Abudah*.
By the ſeven Heav'ns! his Soul's a Chriſtian too,
And 'tis by Kindred Inſtinct he thus ſaves
Their curſed Lives, and taints our Cauſe with Mercy.

Dar. I knew my General wou'd not ſuffer this,
Therefore I've Troops prepar'd without the Gate,
Juſt mounted for Purſuit. Our *Arab* Horſe
Will in few Minutes reach the Place; yet ſtill
I muſt repeat my Doubts——that Devil *Phocyas*
Will know it ſoon—I met him near the Gate,
My Nature ſickens at him, and forebodes
I know not what of Ill.

Cal. No more; away
With thy cold Fears—we'll march this very Inſtant,
And quickly make this thriftleſs Conqueſt good:
The Sword too has been wrong'd, and thirſts for Blood.

SCENE II. *A Valley full of Tents; Baggage and Harneſs lying up and down amongſt them. The Proſpect terminated with Palm-Trees and Hills at a Diſtance.*

Eumenes, *with Officers, Attendants, and Crouds of the People of* Damaſcus.

Eum. [*Entring.*] Sleep on—and Angels be thy Guard!
— ſoft Slumber
Has gently ſtole her from her Griefs awhile.
Let none approach the Tent.—Are Out-guards plac'd
On yonder Hills? [*To an Officer.*

1 *Off.* They are.

Eum. [*ſtriking his Breaſt*] *Damaſcus!* O—
Still art thou here?—Let me entreat you, Friends,
To keep ſtrict Order; I have no Command,

And

And can but now adviſe you.

1 *Cit.* You are ſtill
Our Head and Leader.

2 *Cit.* We reſolve t'obey you.

3 *Cit.* We're all prepar'd to follow you.

Eum. I thank you.
The Sun will ſoon go down upon our Sorrows,
And 'till to-morrow's Dawn this is our Home:
Mean while, each, as he can, forget his Loſs,
And bear the preſent Lot.———

Officer. Sir, I have mark'd
The Camp's Extent; 'tis ſtretch'd quite thro' the Valley.
I think that more than half the City's here.

Eum. The Proſpect gives me much Relief. I'm pleas'd,
My honeſt Countrymen, t'obſerve your Numbers;
And yet it fills my Eyes with Tears—'Tis ſaid
The mighty *Perſian* wept, when he ſurvey'd
His numerous Army, but to think 'em Mortal;
Yet he then flouriſh'd in Proſperity.
Alas! What's that?———Proſperity? a Harlot
That ſmiles but to betray! O ſhining Ruin!
Thou Nurſe of Paſſions, and thou Bane of Virtue!
O ſelf-deſtroying Monſter! that art blind,
Yet putt'ſt out Reaſon's Eyes, that ſtill ſhou'd guide thee,
Then plungeſt down ſome Precipice unſeen,
And art no more!——Hear me, all-gracious Heav'n!
Let me wear out my ſmall Remains of Life
Obſcure, content with humble Poverty,
Or in Affliction's hard but wholeſome School,
If it muſt be—I'll learn to know my ſelf,
And that's more worth than Empire. But, O Heav'n,
Curſe me no more with proud Proſperity!
It has undone me!—*Herbis*; where, my Friend,
Haſt thou been this long Hour?

Enter Herbis.

Herb. On yonder Summit,
To take a farewel Proſpect of *Damaſcus*.

Eum.

Eum. And is it worth a Look?
Herb. No——— I've forgot it.
All our Poſſeſſions are a Graſp of Air;
We're cheated whilſt we think we hold them faſt,
And when they're gone, we know that they were nothing.
But I've a deeper Wound.
Eum. Poor good Old Man!
'Tis true;—thy Son—there thou'rt indeed unhappy.
Enter Artamon.
What, *Artamon?*—art thou here too?
Art. Yes, Sir.
I never boaſted much of my Religion,
Yet I've ſome Honour, and a Soldier's Pride;
I like not theſe new Lords.
Eum. Thou'rt brave and honeſt.
Nay we'll not yet deſpair. A Time may come
When from theſe brute Barbarians we may wreſt
Once more our pleaſant Seats.——Alas! how ſoon
The Flatterer Hope is ready with his Song
To charm us to Forgetfulneſs!——No more——
Let that be left to Heav'n!—See, *Herbis*, ſee,
Methinks we've here a goodly City yet!
Was it not thus our great Forefathers liv'd,
In better Times?——in humble Fields and Tents,
With all their Flocks and Herds, their moving Wealth?
See too! where our own *Pharphar* winds his Stream
Thro' the long Vale, as if to follow us,
And kindly offers his cool wholſome Draughts
To eaſe us in our March! Why this is Plenty.
Enter Eudocia.
Eum. My Daughter?—wherefore haſt thou left thy Tent?
What breaks ſo ſoon thy Reſt?
Eud. Reſt is not there,
Or I have ſought in vain, and cannot find it,
Oh no——we're Wanderers, it is our Doom;
There is no Reſt for us.

Eum.

Eum. Thou art not well.

Eud. I wou'd, if poſſible, avoid my ſelf.
I'm better now near you.

Eum. Near me?———alas!
The tender Vine ſo wreaths its folded Arms
Around ſome falling Elm!—it wounds my Heart
To think thou follow'ſt but to ſhare my Ruin.
I have loſt all but thee.

Eud. O ſay not ſo.
You have loſt nothing; No—you have preſerv'd
Immortal Wealth, your Faith inviolate
To Heav'n and to your Country. Have you not
Refus'd to joyn with proſp'rous wicked Men,
And hold from them a falſe inglorious Greatneſs?
Ruin is yonder, in *Damaſcus* now
The Seat abhorr'd of curſed Infidels.
Infernal Error, like a Plague, has ſpread
Contagion thro' its guilty Palaces,
And we are fled from Death.

Eum. Heroick Maid!
Thy Words are Balſam to my Griefs. *Eudocia*,
I never knew thee till this Day; I knew not
How many Virtues I had wrong'd in thee.

Eud. If you talk thus, you have not yet forgiv'n me.

Eum. Forgiv'n thee?—why, for thee it is, thee only,
I think Heav'n yet may look with Pity on us;
Yes, we muſt all forgive each other now.
Poor *Herbis* too—we both have been to blame.
O *Phocyas*——but it cannot be recall'd.
Yet were He here, we'd ask him Pardon too.
My Child!—I meant not to provoke thy Tears.

Eud. [*Aſide*] O why is he not here? Why do I ſee
Thouſands of happy Wretches, that but ſeem
Undone, yet ſtill are bleſt in Innocence,
And why was he not one?

Enter an Officer.

1 *Off.* Where is *Eumenes?*

Eum.

Eum. What means thy breathleſs Haſte?
1 *Off.* I fear there's Danger;
For as I kept my Watch, I ſpy'd afar
Thick Clouds of Duſt, and on a nearer View
Perceiv'd a Body of *Arabian* Horſe
Moving this way. I ſaw them wind the Hill,
And then loſt Sight of 'em.
Herb. I ſaw 'em too,
Where the Roads meet on t'other ſide theſe Hills,
But took them for ſome Band of Chriſtian *Arabs*
Croſſing the Country. — This Way did they move?
1 *Off.* With utmoſt Speed.
Eum. If they are Chriſtian *Arabs*,
They come as Friends; if other, we're ſecure
By the late Terms. Retire a-while, *Eudocia*,
Till I return. [*Exit* Eudocia.
I'll to the Guard my ſelf.
Soldier, lead on the way.

Enter another Officer.

2 *Off.* Arm, Arm! we're ruin'd!
The Foe is in the Camp.
Eum. So ſoon?
2 *Off.* They've quitted
Their Horſes, and with Sword in Hand have forc'd
Our Guard; they ſay they come for Plunder.
Eum. Villains!
Sure *Caled* knows not of this Treachery.
Come on — we can fight ſtill. We'll make 'em know
What 'tis to urge the Wretched to Deſpair. [*Exeunt.*

[*A Noiſe of Fighting is heard for ſome time.*

Enter Daran, *with a Party of* Saracen *Soldiers.*

Dar. Let the Fools fight at Diſtance. — Here's the Harveſt.
Reap, reap, my Countrymen! — Ay, there — firſt clear,
Thoſe further Tents ———

[*Exeunt Soldiers bearing off Baggage*, &c.

Looking between the Tents] What's here, a Woman? ——

She ſeems, and well attir'd! — It ſhall be ſo,
I'll ſtrip her firſt, and then———

[*Exit, and returns with* Eudocia.

Eud. [*ſtruggling.*] Mercy! O ſpare me!
Help, ſave me! — What, no Help? — Barbarian! Monſter!
Heav'n hear my Cries.

Dar. Woman, thy Cries are vain,
No Help is near.

Enter Phocyas.

Pho. Villain, thou ly'ſt! take that
To looſe thy Hold — [*Puſhing at him with his Spear.*

Dar. What, thou? my evil Spirit!
Is't thou that haunt'ſt me ſtill? — but, thus I thank thee.

[*Offering to ſtrike with his Scimitar.*

It will not be — Lightning for ever blaſt
This Coward Arm that fails me! — O vile *Syrian*, [*Falls.*
I'm kill'd——— O Curſe——— [*Dies.*

Pho. Die then; thy Curſes choak thee!———
Eudocia!

Eud. Phocyas! —— O Aſtoniſhment!
Then is it thus that Heav'n has heard my Pray'rs?
I tremble ſtill — and ſcarce have Power to ask thee
How thou art here? or whence this ſudden Outrage?

Pho. [*Walking aſide.*] The Blood ebbs back that fill'd my Heart, and now
Again her parting Farewel awes my Soul,
As if 'twere Fate, and not to be revok'd.
Will ſhe not now upbraid me, See thy Friends!
Are theſe, are theſe the Villains thou haſt truſted?

Eud. What means this murmur'd Sorrow to thy ſelf?
Is it in vain that thou haſt reſcu'd me
From ſavage Hands? —— Say, what's th' approaching Danger?

Pho. Sure ev'ry Angel watches o'er thy Safety!
Thou ſeeſt 'tis Death t'approach thee without Awe,
And Barbariſm it ſelf cannot profane thee.

Eud. Thou doſt not anſwer, whence are theſe Alarms?

Pho.

Pho. Some Stores remov'd, and not allow'd by Treaty,
Have drawn the *Saracens* to make a Search.
Perhaps 'twill quickly be agreed — Bnt Oh!
Thou know'ſt, *Eudocia*, I'm a baniſh'd Man,
And 'tis a Crime I'm here once more before thee;
Elſe, might I ſpeak, 'twere better for the preſent,
If thou wouldſt leave this Place.

Eud. No ——— I've a Father,
(And ſhall I leave him?) whom we both have wrong'd,
Or he had not been thus driv'n out, expos'd
The humble Tenant of this ſheltring Vale
For one poor Night's Repoſe. — And yet, alas!
For this laſt Act how wou'd I thank thee, *Phocyas!* —
I've nothing now but Pray'rs and Tears to give,
Cold fruitleſs Thanks — But 'tis ſome Comfort yet
That Fate allows this ſhort Reprieve, that thus
We may behold each other, and once more
May mourn our Woes, ere yet we part ——

Pho. For ever!
'Tis then reſolv'd —— it was thy cruel Sentence,
And I am here to execute that Doom.

Eud. What doſt thou mean?

Pho. [*Kneeling.*] Thus, at thy Feet ———

Eud. O riſe!

Pho. Never — No, here I'll lay my Burden down;
I've try'd its Weight, nor can ſupport it longer.
Take thy laſt Look; if yet thy Eyes can bear
To look upon a Wretch accurſt, caſt off
By Heav'n and thee —— A little longer yet
And I am mingled with my Kindred Duſt,
By thee forgotten and the World ———

Eud. Forbear!
O cruel Man! Why wilt thou rack me thus?
Didſt thou not mark, thou didſt, when laſt we parted,
The Pangs, the Strugglings of my ſuffering Soul?
That nothing but the Hand of Heav'n it ſelf
Cou'd e'er divide me from thee? — Doſt thou now

Reproach me thus? Or canſt thou have a Thought
That I can e'er forget thee?

Pho. [*Riſing.*] Have a care!
I'll not be tortur'd more with thy falſe Pity.
No, I renounce it. See, I am prepar'd. [*Shewing a Dagger.*
Thy Cruelty is Mercy now — Farewel.
And Death is now but a Releaſe from Torment.

Eud. Hold — Stay thee yet! — O Madneſs of Deſpair!
And wou'dſt thou die? Think, ere thou leap the Gulph,
When thou haſt trod that dark, that unknown Way,
Canſt thou return? What if the Change prove worſe,
O think, if then ———

Pho. No —— Thought's my deadlieſt Foe.
'Tis lingring Racks, and ſlow conſuming Fires,
And therefore to the Grave I'd fly to ſhun it.

Eud. O fatal Error — Like a reſtleſs Ghoſt,
It will purſue, and haunt thee ſtill, e'en there,
Perhaps in Forms more frightful. Death's a Name
By which poor gueſſing Mortals are deceiv'd,
'Tis no where to be found. Thou fly'ſt in vain
From Life, to meet again with that thou fly'ſt.
How wilt thou curſe that Raſhneſs then? How ſtart,
And ſhudder, and ſhrink back? yet how avoid
To put on thy new Being?

Pho. So ——— I thank thee!
For now I'm quite undone — I gave up All
For thee before, but this; this Boſom Friend,
My laſt Reſerve. — There — [*Throws away the Dagger.*
Tell me now, *Eudocia*,
Cut off from Hope, deny'd the Food of Life,
And yet forbid to die, what am I now?
Or what will Fate do with me?

Eud. Oh —— [*Turns away weeping.*

Pho. Thou weep'ſt!
Canſt thou ſhed Tears, and yet not melt to Mercy?
O ſay, ere yet returning Madneſs ſeize me,
Is there in all Futurity no Proſpect,

No

No diſtant Comfort? Not a glimmering Light
To guide me thro' this Maze? Or muſt I now
Sit down in Darkneſs, and deſpair for ever?
[*Here they both continue ſilent for ſome time.*
Pho. Still art thou ſilent? — Speak, diſcloſe my Doom,
That's now ſuſpended in this awful Moment!
O ſpeak — for now my Paſſions wait thy Voice;
My beating Heart grows calm, my Blood ſtands ſtill,
Scarcely I live, or only live to hear thee.
Eud. If yet, — but can it be? — I fear — O *Phocyas*,
Let me be ſilent ſtill!
Pho. Hear then this laſt,
This only Pray'r! — Heav'n will conſent to this.
Let me but follow thee, where-e'er thou goeſt,
But ſee thee, hear thy Voice; be thou my Angel,
To guide and govern my returning Steps,
'Till long Contrition and unweary'd Duty
Shall expiate my Guilt. Then ſay, *Eudocia*,
If, like a Soul anneal'd in purging Fires,
After whole Years thou ſeeſt me white again,
When thou, even thou ſhalt think ——
Eud. No more ——— This ſhakes
My firmeſt Thoughts, and if ———
[*Here a Cry is heard of Perſons ſlaughter'd in the Camp.*
——— What Shrieks of Death!
I fear the treacherous Foe — again! and louder!
Then they've begun a fatal Harveſt! — Haſte,
Prevent — O wou'dſt thou ſee me more with Comfort,
Fly, ſave 'em, ſave the threaten'd Lives of Chriſtians,
My Father and his Friends! —— I dare not ſtay ——
Heav'n be my Guide to ſhun this gathering Ruin.
[*Exit* Eudocia.
Manet Phocyas. *Enter* Caled.
Cal. [*Entring*] So —— Slaughter do thy Work!
——— Theſe Hands look well. [*Looking on his Hands.*
The jovial Hunter, ere he quits the Field
Firſt ſigns him in the Stag's warm vital Stream

With Stains like theſe, to ſhew 'twas gallant Sport.
Phocyas! Thou'rt met? — But whether thou art here
[*Comes forward.*
A Friend or Foe I know not; if a Friend,
Which is *Eumenes'* Tent?

Pho. Hold, —— paſs no further.

Cal. Say'ſt thou, not paſs?

Pho. No — On thy Life no further. [me not!

Cal. What, doſt thou frown too! — ſure, thou know'ſt

Pho. Not know thee? ——— Yes, too well I know thee now,
O murd'rous Fiend! Why all this Waſte of Blood?
Didſt thou not promiſe ———

Cal. Promiſe? ——— Inſolence!
'Tis well, 'tis well — For now I know thee too.
Perfidious Mungril Slave! Thou double Traitor!
Falſe to thy firſt and to thy latter Vows!
Villain! ———

Pho. That's well — Go on, — I ſwear I thank thee.
Speak it again, and ſtrike it thro' my Ear!
A Villain! Yes, thou mad'ſt me ſo, thou Devil!
And mind'ſt me now what to demand from thee.
Give, give me back my former ſelf, my Honour,
My Country's fair Eſteem, my Friends, my All ——
Thou canſt not — O thou Robber — ! Give me then
Revenge, or Death! The laſt I well deſerve,
That yielded up my Soul's beſt Wealth to thee,
For which accurſt be thou, and curſt thy Prophet!

Cal. Hear'ſt thou this, *Mahomet?* — Blaſpheming Mouth!
For this thou ſoon ſhalt chew the bitter Fruit
Of *Zacon's* Tree, the Food of Fiends below.
Go —— ſpeed thee thither ——
[*Puſhing at him with his Lance, which* Phocyas *puts by, and kills him.*

Pho. Go thou firſt thy ſelf.

Cal. [*Falling.*] O Dog! Thou gnaw'ſt my Heart! — Falſe *Mahomet!*

Is

Is this, is this then my Reward for—O——— [*Dies.*

[*Exit* Phocyas.

Several Parties of Chriſtians and Saracens *paſs over the farther part of the Stage fighting. The former are beaten. At laſt* Eumenes *rallies them, and makes a Stand. Then Enter* Abudah *attended.*

Abu. Forbear, forbear, and ſheath the bloody Sword!

Eum. Abudah! Is this well?

Abu. No———I muſt own
You've Cauſe——O Muſſulmin, look here, behold
Where like a broken Spear your Arm of War
Is thrown to Earth!

Eum. Ha! *Caled?*

Abu. Dumb and breathleſs.
Then thus has Heav'n chaſtis'd us in thy Fall,
And thee for violated Faith; farewell,
Thou great but cruel Man!

Eum. His Thirſt of Blood
In his own Blood is quench'd.

Abu. Bear hence his Clay
Back to *Damaſcus.* Caſt a Mantle firſt
O'er this ſad Sight; ſo ſhou'd we hide his Faults.——
Now hear, ye Servants of the Prophet, hear!
A greater Death than this demands your Tears,
For know, your Lord the Caliph is no more!
Good *Abubeker* has breath'd out his Spirit
To him that gave it. Yet your Caliph lives,
Lives now in *Omar.* See, behold his Signet,
Appointing me, ſuch is his Will, to lead
His faithful Armies warring here in *Syria.*
Alas!———Foreknowledge ſure of this Event
Guided his Choice!———obey me then your Chief.
For you, O Chriſtians! know, with Speed I came,
On the firſt Notice of this foul Deſign,
Or to prevent it, or repair your Wrongs.
Your Goods ſhall be untouch'd, your Perſons ſafe,
Nor ſhall our Troops henceforth, on Pain of Death,

Moleſt

Moleſt your March.—If more you aſk, 'tis granted.

Eum. Still juſt and brave! Thy Virtues wou'd adorn
A purer Faith! Thou better than thy Sect,
That dar'ſt decline from that to Acts of Mercy!
Pardon, *Abudah,* if thy honeſt Heart
Makes us e'en wiſh thee ours.

Abu. [*Aſide.*] O Power Supreme,
That mad'ſt my Heart, and know'ſt its inmoſt Frame!
If yet I err, O lead me into Truth,
Or pardon unknown Error!———Now, *Eumenes,*
Friends as we may be, let us part in Peace.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Eudocia *and* Artamon.

Eud Alas! but is my Father ſafe?

Art. Heav'n knows.
I left him juſt preparing to engage;
When doubtful of th'Event he bade me haſte
To warn his deareſt Daughter of the Danger,
And aid your ſpeedy Flight.

Eud. My Flight? But whither?
O no—if he is loſt———

Art. I hope, not ſo.
The Noiſe is ceas'd. Perhaps they're beaten off.
We ſoon ſhall know;—here's one that can inform us.

Enter firſt Officer.

Soldier, thy Looks ſpeak well. What ſays thy Tongue?

1 *Off.* The Foe's withdrawn; *Abudah* has been here,
And has renew'd the Terms. *Caled* is kill'd———

Art. Hold———firſt, thank Heav'n for that!

Eud. Where is *Eumenes?*

1 *Off.* I left him well; By his Command I came
To ſearch you out, and let you know this News.
I've more; but That———

Art. Is bad, perhaps; ſo ſays
This ſudden Pauſe. Well, be it ſo; let's know it.
'Tis but Life's checquer'd Lot.

1 *Off. Eumenes* mourns

A Friend's unhappy Fall; *Herbis* is ſlain;
A ſettled Gloom ſeem'd to hang heavy on him,
Th' Effect of Grief, 'tis thought, for his loſt Son.
When, on the firſt Attack, like one that ſought
The welcome Means of Death, with deſperate Valour
He preſs'd the Foe, and met the Fate he wiſh'd.
Art. See where *Eumenes* comes!——What's this? He ſeems
To lead ſome wounded Friend———Alas! 'tis——
[*They withdraw to one Side of the Stage.*
Enter Eumenes *leading in* Phocyas *with an Arrow in his Breaſt.*
Eum. Give me thy Wound! O I cou'd bear it for thee.
This Goodneſs melts my Heart. What, in a Moment,
Forgetting all thy Wrongs, in kind Embraces
T'exchange Forgiveneſs thus!
Pho. Moments are few,
And muſt not now be waſted. O *Eumenes,*
Lend me thy helping Hand a little farther;
O where, where is ſhe? [*They advance.*
Eum. Look, look here, *Eudocia!*
Behold a Sight that calls for all our Tears.
Eud. Phocyas, and wounded!—O what cruel Hand—
Pho. No, 'twas a kind one—Spare thy Tears, *Eudocia!*
For mine are Tears of Joy.———
Eud. Is't poſſible?
Pho. 'Tis done—the Pow'rs ſupreme have heard my Pray'r,
And proſper'd me with ſome fair Deeds this Day.
I've fought once more, and for my Friends, my Country.
By me the treacherous Chiefs are ſlain; a while
I ſtopp'd the Foe, till, warn'd by me before
Of this their ſudden March, *Abudah* came;
But firſt this Random Shaft had reach'd my Breaſt.
Life's mangled Scene is o'er——'tis thus that Heav'n
At once chaſtiſes and I hope accepts me;
And now I wake as from the Sleep of Death.

Eud.

Eud. What ſhall I ſay to thee, to give thee Comfort?
Pho. Say only thou forgiv'ſt me.——O *Eudocia!*
No longer now my dazled Eyes behold thee
Thro' Paſſion's Miſts; my Soul now gazes on thee,
And ſees thee lovelier in unfading Charms,
Bright as the ſhining Angel Hoſt that ſtood!
Whilſt I——but there, it ſmarts——
Eud. Look down, look down,
Ye pitying Pow'rs! and heal his pious Sorrow!
Eum. 'Tis not too late, we hope, to give thee Help.
See! yonder is my Tent. We'll lead thee thither.
Come, enter there, and let thy Wound be dreſs'd.
Perhaps it is not mortal.
Pho. No? not mortal?
No Flattery now. By all my Hopes hereafter,
For the World's Empire I'd not loſe this Death!
Alas! I but keep in my fleeting Breath
A few ſhort Moments, till I have conjur'd you
That to the World you witneſs my Remorſe
For my paſt Errors, and defend my Fame.
For know———ſoon as this pointed Steel's drawn out
Life follows thro' the Wound.
Eud. What doſt thou ſay?
O touch not yet the broken Springs of Life!
A thouſand tender Thoughts riſe in my Soul.
How ſhall I give them Words? O, till this Hour
I ſcarce have taſted Woe!———this is indeed
To part———but Oh———
Pho. No more———Death now is painful!
But ſay, my Friends, whilſt I have Breath to ask,
(For ſtill methinks all your Concerns are mine)
Whither have you deſign'd to bend your Journey?
Eum. Conſtantinople is my laſt Retreat,
If Heav'n indulge my Wiſh; there I've reſolv'd
To wear out the dark Winter of my Life,
An old Man's Stock of Days, I hope not many.
Eud. There will I dedicate my ſelf to Heav'n.

O *Phocyas*, for thy Sake, no Rival elſe
Shall e'er poſſeſs my Heart. My Father too
Conſents to this my Vow. My vital Flame
There, like a Taper on the holy Altar,
Shall waſte away; till Heav'n relenting hear
Inceſſant Pray'rs for thee and for my ſelf,
And wing my Soul to meet with thine in Bliſs.
For in that Thought I find a ſudden Hope,
As if inſpir'd, ſprings in my Breaſt, and tells me
That thy repenting Frailty is forgiven,
And we ſhall meet again, to part no more.

Pho. [*Plucking out the Arrow*] Then All is done——
'twas the laſt Pang———at length
I've given up thee, and the World now is—Nothing.

Eum. Alas! he falls. Help, *Artamon*, ſupport him.
Look, how he bleeds! Let's lay him gently down:
Night gathers faſt upon him—So———look up,
Or ſpeak, if thou haſt Life—Nay then—my Daughter!
She faints———Help there, and bear her to her Tent.

[Eudocia *is carry'd off.*

Art. [*Weeping aſide.*] I thank ye, Eyes! This is but decent Tribute.
My Heart was full before.

Eum. O *Phocyas*, *Phocyas!*
Alas! he hears not now, nor ſees my Sorrows!
Yet will I mourn for thee, thou gallant Youth!
As for a Son———So let me call thee now!
A much-wrong'd Friend! and an unhappy Heroe!
A fruitleſs Zeal, yet all I now can ſhew!
Tears vainly flow for Errors learn'd too late,
When timely Caution ſhou'd prevent our Fate.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS.*

WELL, Sirs; you've ſeen, his Paſſion to approve,
A deſperate Lover give up all for Love,
All but his Faith.—Methinks now I can ſpy,
Among you airy Sparks, ſome who wou'd cry,
Phoo, Pox—for that—what need of ſuch a Pother?
For one Faith left, he wou'd have got another.———
True: 'twas your very Caſe. Juſt what you ſay,
Our Rebel Fools were ripe for, t'other Day;
Tho' diſappointed now, they're wiſer grown,
And, with much Grief— are forc'd to keep their own.
Theſe generous Madmen gratis *ſought their Ruin,*
And ſet no Price, not they! on their Undoing.
For Gain, indeed, we've others wou'd not dally,
Or with ſtale Principles ſtand ſhilli—ſhall I——
You'll find all their Religion in Change-Alley.
There all purſue, by better Means or worſe,
Iago's *Rule,* Put Money in thy Purſe.
For tho' you differ ſtill in Speculation,
For why—each Head is wiſer than the Nation,
Tho' Points of Faith for ever will divide you,
And bravely you declare—none e'er ſhall ride you:
In Practice all agree, and every Man
Devoutly ſtrives to get what Wealth he can:
All Parties at this golden Altar bow,
Gain, *pow'rful* Gain's *the new Religion now.*
But leave we this—Since in this Circle ſmile
So many ſhining Beauties of our Iſle,
Who to more generous Ends direct their Aim,
And ſhew us Virtue in its faireſt Frame;
To theſe with Pride the Author bid me ſay,
'Twas for your Sex he chiefly wrote this Play;
And if in one bright Character you find
Superior Honour, and a noble Mind,
Know from the Life Eudocia's *Charms he drew,*
And hopes the Piece ſhall live, that copies you.
Sure of Succeſs, he cannot miſs his End,
If ev'ry Britiſh *Heroine prove his Friend.*

FINIS.

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